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THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Part Second.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Alas! 'tis hard, oh, very hard to feel
That she is dead. Drear months have wandered by
Since on this spot we heard the solemn words,
Of "dust to dust;" and slowly turned away,
With breaking hearts and streaming eyes to seek
Our darkened homes, but yet her living thought
Still dwells within our breasts, and will not leave
Our hearts all desolate. Oft when we muse,
At this calm hour of evening, by the dim
And mournful fire-light, silent and alone,
Her form comes stealing through the shadowy gloom,
Holier and lovelier even than in life,
Like a soft star gleaming through silver mists,
Or like some beautiful and lovely thing
Seen in a sad, sweet dream. And often when
The pale and solemn glory of the moon
Comes as a gentle guest at midnight deep
Within the lonely chamber, she is there
Silent, but oh, how passing beautiful,
A thing on earth, but not of earth, her brow
Hallowed by God's own signet.
O'er this mound,
Where all that's mortal of our lost one lies,
The light winds linger in the locust-tops,
And in their low Æolian melodies
We seem to hear the same sweet music tone
That perished long ago. And as we gaze
Up where that tone is born of breeze and bough,
A holy shadow falls on eye and heart,
As 'twere the passing of an angel's wing
Across the twilight sky. Ah, 'tis not well
That we should mourn with bitter tears her flight
Thus early from the earth, for she is now
A lovely blossom on the tree of life,
Blooming forever in God's paradise.

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

Black Peggy got her fingers warmed at length, and when she finally took her departure, she left thankful hearts behind her—thankful for her empty seat, at least. A few moments of silence ensued, and then Driscol spoke.

"My young friends," he said, with considerable emotion, "I am about to do the last act in your behalf I shall probably ever perform. As I said before, I am nearly gone. I felt it as I came here this evening. I had to stop and rest several times. I am of no use here, and the sooner I go the better!"

"Of no use!" cried Cora, reproachfully. "Oh, you do wrong to say so. What should I have been but for you? Oh, you don't know how grateful I am for all your goodness."

"Aye," added Bion, feelingly; "and what may I not say of your usefulness? You have, at least, lifted us up from the depths of ignorance to a position as fair in understanding as that attained by most persons of our age. Ah, my good tutor, it is not every man who can feel that warm hearts are blessing him for the good he has done!"

"Bless you," murmured Driscol, with tears in his eyes. "And I have blessed you in my heart since first I knew you. Oh, Cora has never known how I have loved her! For the past two years, my only joy has been in her society. Since you went away, Bion, I have come here every day, when I could. I have lived upon the sunlight of her smile, and cared for life, only that I might be near her and love her! Aye, Cora," he continued, turning to her, "you have been the source of my only joy—the object of my only love. I have taught you; I have placed you, in the intellectual scale, far above the mass of those of your years; but I have done it, because I could not help it. But let that pass."

The poor man wiped his eyes; and when he had overcome his emotions, he said—

"I know all that Cora holds of her own life, but of your former position, Bion, I am not so well informed. You have a portrait of your mother, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," returned the boy, tenderly.

"Will you let me look at it?"

Bion opened his vest, and drew forth the golden locket, and having slipped the chain from his neck, he handed it to his tutor. The latter opened it, and held it to the light. He gazed upon it some moments, and the expression of his countenance told that he was deeply interested.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

"My father."

"Then he could have been no relation of Margery's."

"Oh, no! I'm sure he was not."

"And that this lady was ever related to Margery Grutt, is simply a moral and physical impossibility," pursued Driscol, gazing upon the sweet face. "Do you remember this face, Bion?"

"Yes, sir; I remember it very well."

"And now tell me what else you remember."

"I can remember but little, sir," replied the boy, thoughtfully. "I know I was brought here by a man who said my father was dead. I don't know who the man was. He was some friend of my father's, I think, and was going away."

"But do you ever feel that you have been unjustly treated by any of these people?"

"How do you mean?"

BION RECOGNIZES HIS UNCLE, CHRISTOPHER HUNTLEY.

"Why—you were five years old when you came here, and most people can remember isolated incidents of life previous to that. For instance: Even up to twelve years of age there are many circumstances of life which I can not connect with each other—I can not remember consecutive events; but there are incidents that occurred before I was five years old that are just as fresh in my memory as those of last year. You remember when you came here, don't you?"

"O, yes—very well," returned Bion, quickly and earnestly. "I remember that a man brought me here and left me; and I remember how I cried; and how Margery told me he was coming back; and how he never came back."

"Yes. And don't you remember some striking circumstance—some important,—or, rather, some event which stands out in relief from the dim shadows of those early years?"

"Yes—there are several," answered Bion. He pondered a moment, and then added: "I remember my mother very plainly. And I remember that Margery said she wasn't my mother once. But I can remember her very well. I remember when she gave me this locket—I remember just how she looked when she put it around my neck. Oh! she was very good, and very beautiful. She made me promise that I would be good always; and she said she would be with me. I could n't forget that; and very often I think I hear her whispering to me in the breeze; and in the storm, bidding me not fear. Then I remember a great house with great golden windows all over it, and oranges growing at the windows; and there were dark faces all about me, and I think negroes waited upon me. Then I remember a voyage on the sea; and another great house in this city; and two black girls took care of mamma and me. And then there was a man that I called uncle; and I am sure that was the man who brought me here. Margery said he was not my uncle."

"That is enough," said Driscol. "It is as I have supposed. You have been most deeply wronged by some one. For the sake of property which rightfully belonged to you, somebody has had you put out of the way!"

"Do you think so?" cried the boy, starting to his feet.

"I know it. But keep calm. Under no circumstances do you let Margery know that you suspect anything."

"But what made you think so, sir?"

"Many things. In the first place, your very face and mental development most plainly show that you are no kin with such as surround you here. In the next place, your memory of early childhood proved that you had a home of wealth. I am something of a student of humanity, and I can tell very easily that you have Spanish blood in your veins; and also, that your parents were inhabitants of a tropical climate—your memory of oranges and negroes would prove this. But I can see enough beside that."

"That is my old dream," murmured Bion half to himself. "I often wonder who my parents were, and at such times the hope comes over me—more than a hope; a moral conviction—that they were honorable, intelligent and respected. O! if the man lives who has wronged me!——"

"What would you do if you should find him?" the tutor asked, quietly.

"He should return me every mite of which he had defrauded me; and then I would let him live and suffer. But," he added, while a subdued influence seemed to operate upon him, "I am better off than he. He must have a load upon his soul which I should not be willing to bear."

"That's so, Bion," returned Driscol, emphatically. "If you will cherish that idea you will be contented. Of course, you will take every means in your power to find out what has been done, and who has done it. If you choose to approach Margery on the subject you must be careful. Do not let her mistrust, if you can help it, that you have heard a word. Whatever you may ask, do it as though the questions were the result of your own dreems and ponderings. You will know how to do this."

"I will be very careful, sir. You shall not be——"

"O—don't fear for me," interrupted Driscol. "I shall soon be out of the way, only while I do live I want the privilege of seeing you. But it is not safe to know too much. If you should approach Margery as though you knew something she would get you out of her way as soon as possible."

At this juncture Cora placed her hand upon her tutor's arm, and in a tremulous voice she said,

"What do you think of my case, Mr. Driscol?"

"I was just coming to that, my darling," he replied, taking her hand and gazing into her face. "I have something important to tell you—something that may be of great service to you. The first time I saw you I knew you were not of this herd. But I will tell you."

The man listened a few moments, as if to assure himself that no one else was near, and then turning to Cora, he resumed—

"As I entered the narrow, dark hall this evening, I was very much fatigued and worn, and hence I hesitated a few moments before coming in here. I had just reached the door, when the sound of a strange voice fell upon my ear. I listened, and soon found it to be the voice of a man."

"It was the one who came in when we were here," said Bion. "He was dressed like a rich man—not very old:"

"That was the man. He must have just begun to talk as I came."

"Cora was frightened by his looks."

"Ha! Did you ever see him before, my darling?"

"Not that I know of, sir. But he looked at me so—and there was something in his face so peculiar—that I was really scared."

"Well—you shall hear with how much reason you were moved," resumed Driscol. "I did not wish to enter while the stranger was here, and was upon the point of moving away when a sentence fell upon upon my ear that caused me to stop; and when I heard them speak of you I was determined to know what was on the docket. I wont tell you the conversation just as it occurred, but will give you the result of it. First the man was very anxious to know who the boy he had seen was; but he did not learn. Margery deceived him in every way on that point. Then the conversation turned upon Cora. The man said he had made arrangements to have her taken away."

"*Away?*" cried both the children, at a breath.

"Hold on. He said she was too old to be kept around here any more. He said she looked too much like her mother. But your mother is not living now, Cora. He had made arrangements to send you off—to give you away to a farmer who is on his way to the far West!"

And so Barney went on and related all that he had heard. He said Margery called the man *Greenwood*; but when he met him at the outer door it was too dark to distinguish features plainly. The tutor said he should not know him if he should meet him again.

"I was too much excited to examine features," he said; "and even had it been lighter my nervous haste to get away from the inner door after the man had got ready to leave, would have prevented me from the forethought necessary to a proper examination of his face. But, according to his plan, you are to be ready to go by next Thursday."

"Take *her* away!" cried Bion, vehemently. "No!—they shall not! Cora! Cora! you know what I told you up stairs. You must go with me. I will take you——"

"——sh!" interrupted Driscol. "Margery is coming! Be careful now. If you have any desire to work for your own benefit, don't let her mistrust a thing. Be very careful. Not a word until you have pondered it well. Now—a smile Think of Sancho Pansa in the blanket. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Both the children smiled, and so Aunt Margery found them. Surely there could have been no very sober thoughts in such a company.

And in a moment more there was another visitor. A knock at the outer door was answered by the hostess, and Jack Wallace followed her into the room.

Barney Driscol was introduced to Jack, and at the end of half an hour the former took his leave. Shortly after he was gone Jack proposed that Bion and he should follow suit.

"I've got a fine room at a good hotel," he said.

"Ask for a drink of water!" whispered our hero, placing his lips close to his friend's ear.

Jack understood the meaning of this, and he at once turned to Margery, and asked her if she would let him have a drop of water."

"Sartin," she responded. "Here, Cora, run and bring a mug of water."

Bion's countenance fell; but in a moment more it brightened up, and starting from his chair he said—

"I'll go with you and hold the light, Cora."

"Margery had no suspicions, so this passed off without further notice than such as called a smile to the woman's face.

"Ah, Mr. Wallace," she said, after the children had gone, "them two leetle dears love one another most dreadfully. You'd hardly believe how affectionate they be."

"They're a good match," returned the sailor; "and if she's as good a gal as he's a boy, then they're a noble pair."

In the meantime the child-lovers had reached the sink-room, and as soon as the door was closed behind them Bion whispered—

"You wont say a word to Margery, will you?"

"No," answered Cora.

"Leave it all to me. I have plenty of money —more than enough to keep you till you are a woman."

"But I can't live on your money, Bion."

"O, no—of course not. You'll live on your own. If my money isn't yours—then I'd like to know whose it is? If you want to make me as miserable and unhappy as you can, all you will have to do, will be to take from me the privilege of helping you. But this is all nonsense. You will act just as though nothing had happened until you see me again, won't you?"

"Yes, Bion—I will."

"That's all. Rest perfectly easy until I come. I shall come to-morrow if I can."

They exchanged an affectionate kiss, and then returned to the kitchen, Bion singing a verse of "*The Brave Sailor Boy*," as he entered.

Shortly afterwards Jack and his protege were on their way to their hotel, which was one of the best in the city; while Cora hastened away to her room, there to sink upon her knees and ask God to lead her forth from the chilly gloom that enveloped her pathway!

CHAPTER XXXII.

BION MEETS WITH A FAMILIAR NAME.

Bion found the room which his companion had engaged to be one of the best and most comfortable ones he had ever seen. It seemed odd at first, and he said 'twould take some time for him to get used to the place and its extra trappings.

"Let me tell ye, me boy," explained Jack, with the look and tone of an old hotel customer, "it don't cost so much to stop at a first-class house like this as it does to cast anchor in one o' them pertended cheap consarns. I tell ye, sailors make a great blunder when they haul their wind into them low places. In a house like this ye have to pay a good livin' price for jest what ye have; while in one o' them cheap places ye've got to pay all the money ye've got. Ef ye've got five dollars ye can stop a week on it; and ef ye've got five hundred dollars the end of a week 'll be very likely to find yer lockers empty. But we've got some money, Bion. Only think,—nigh onto six thousand dollars apiece."

"No, no, Jack. You were to take three thousand of the special prize-money they gave us. You have nearly seven thousand."

"Well—p'r'aps I have. Only you've got nigh onto six thousand, at any rate; an' ef you'll make out where my odd thousand comes from arter that I may be glad to see it."

"But, Jack,—that isn't fair. You know I told you in the first place I shouldn't take any of the last lot, but you forced a thousand of it upon me."

"Well, me boy—you beat me at dead reckonin'. How you make out that I forced yer own money onto ye is a leetle more'n I can see."

"But, Jack,—you'll——"

"Do jest the fair thing, me boy. Now let it rest there, and tell me what's happened down to the old woman's that's set ye up so."

Bion sat down and related to his friend all that Driscol had told him. He was interrupted many times, and had to explain a great deal of his narrative. He told all his early recollections—things he had never before spoken about—and also gave the arguments and opinions of his old tutor. And then he told the circumstances connected with Cora's affairs. After he had concluded Jack remained for a full minute buried in profound thought. Finally he raised his head, and with a look of searching wisdom, he said,—

"Me boy—it's plain. Ef ye had niggers to tend ye when ye was a baby—seein' as ye ain't a nigger yerself—why, then ye must been with rich folks. And then, jest let me tell ye, that mother o' yourn wa'n't no common leddy. Ye can see it in her eye—in her face—in her whole look. And then yer own self," pursued the honest tar, following out Driscol's ideas, but evidently forgetting that they were not his own,—"d'ye s'pose you was ever the child of low folks? Why—I should as soon a think of believin' 'at the *Good News* was built by a Chinaman. By the nose o' Jupiter, but I'd like to find the man 'at's been a cheatin' ye so."

"Before we think any more on that subject I will see Margery, and gain what I can from her; and in the meantime we must be thinking of Cora. Oh, Jack—I would rather harm would come upon me than upon her. We must find a home for her somewhere."

Jack started forward in his seat, and grasped Bion by the hand.

"Me boy," he uttered, earnestly, "I've got one o' the best o' mothers ye ever see. She owns a pooty little home of a cottage, and it's too far from here for this Mr. Greenwood to find her. If I take her there, she'll be like an own child. She'll be loved as well as ever a child was loved."

"Bless you, Jack, for this. We'll carry her there."

"Sartin' we will."

"But hadn't we ought to try to find out first who she is?" suggested the boy.

"And while we're tryin' that, she may be took off from us. No, me boy, put her in a sure harbor first, and then find an owner, if ye can. Don't leave her on a lee shore the while."

This pleased Bion, for he had no wish at present to have Cora snatched from him; and it was finally settled that she should go with them to Jack's home, which was in Cayuga County, on the bank of the Lake; and they were to start on the second day from that, if they could get ready. They conversed a while longer upon the fruitful theme, and then retired for the night.

Bion Bernard had strange dreams. He dreamed that Jack was his uncle, and his father; that Cora grew to be his mother; and that Margery Grutt was the man who carried him to live with Black Peggy. He was dreaming that Barney Driscol was an Ova chief, and that he was Barney's slave. He was engaged in painting the crew of an English ship with a sort of brown paint, preparatory to selling them to slave traders, when Barney came and told him his father wished to see him. He threw down his paint-brush, and quickly followed his master. He soon found himself in a large room, where over a hundred black men were chained to a heavy timber, all engaged in painting white men, and thus transforming them into natives. He was told to shut his eyes, and he did so. "Now, wake up!" cried his master. He opened his eyes with an effort; gave a yawn; found the light strong and powerful; and under the impression that the building was on fire, he started back.

"What's the matter, Bion?"

"Eh?—is't you, Jack?"

"In course it's me. Come, the sun's been up this half hour. Breakfast'll be ready afore long."

The boy leaped from the bed, and having enjoyed a good bath, he dressed himself, and went down into the reading-room, where Jack at once commenced to look over the morning papers. It did Bion good to see the old sailor stand up to the paper-table. That attitude of conscious power—that look of pride and pomp, and the occasional nod of gracious approval, with which Jack perused the paper, were all understood by our hero. He knew that his honest friend felt more real pride and power as he stood there and conquered the printed matter of the paper, than the general feels who has conquered an army.

Presently Jack called Bion to his side.

"Look a here, me boy. Here's a notice of our ship. Her cargo all belongs to two men. By thunder, they must be rich ones—John Creamer and Christopher Huntley."

Bion started as though some one had struck him. He gazed vacantly into Jack's face for some time. At length he whispered,—

"Speak that last name again."

"The last one?"

"Yes."

Jack referred to the paper, and read "CHRISTOPHER HUNTLEY."

"*Christopher Huntley?*" "*Christopher,*" the boy murmured to himself. "*Christopher*—UNCLE *Christopher!*"

"Eh? What? *Uncle?*"

"Jack, that name comes as familiar to me as does the sound of the morning bells. By my soul, I must see that man. We will go there before I see Margery. Does it tell where his store is?"

"No. But I guess we can find out. The landlord may know."

During the eating of breakfast Bion was continually running that name over in his mind, and at length he fancied he could see the man who owned it. He took no notice of the spacious board at which he sat; nor did he mark the many eyes that were turned inquiringly upon him. Even bright, beaming eyes, that sent soft glances towards him were all unnoticed. If he knew that there were several young maidens on the opposite side of the table, he did not know that they gazed upon him with interest,—or, in fact, that they gazed upon him at all.

But there was something in the face of the youthful sailor-boy well calculated to attract attention, especially from the opposite sex. He had grown tall, but not out of just proportion. His hair, which had now assumed a dark brown hue, hung in beautiful curls about his head, which drooped their glossy ringlets over as fair and noble a brow as was ever seen in a youthful front. His nose was slightly aquiline, and finely turned, the nostrils dilating with deep thought, and most symmetrically curved when at rest. His eyes were of that dark, soft brown, possessing all the liquid clearness of the deepest blue with the soul-light of the darkest hazel. They were not over large, but yet their light was quickly caught by the beholder, and the people were few who did not dwell upon them longer than was necessary for mere passing notice. His mouth was fair in size, with lips such as a painter might select for his ideal lover and hero.

And now that the boy was moved by momentous thought, and his mind was at work over an intricate problem, his beautiful features were full of life, and presented to the physiognomical student a study seldom to be met with. There were several young ladies near him, upon the opposite side of the board, and they watched him until their own movements told that they felt the impropriety of their bold scrutiny.

But, as we said before running off into this irrelevant description, Bion took no notice of all this. He had repeated the name—"*Christopher Huntley*"—over in his mind until he had fairly bewildered himself. Yet he was sure that 'twas an old familiar name, and he fancied he could see a tall, dark-faced man, with threatening aspect and sinister eye, who had at some time been an evil to him.

As soon as he and Jack had arisen from the table they went to the office, and there our hero inquired of the clerk if he knew where the store of Christopher Huntley was.

"I can't tell you exactly where 'tis," answered the clerk, "but it is some where below Wall street.—Hold on: I have a Directory that'll tell." He took the book from a shelf behind him, and soon found the name. The store in question was at No. — Rector street.

"It is not far from Broadway," explained the clerk. "You can't miss it, for it is one of the largest stores on the street. Ah—Mr. Huntley is a wealthy man—very wealthy. He often comes here and gets his dinners. Did you want to see *him?*"

"Yes, sir. And I am very grateful for your information," returned Bion, as he started to turn away.

"Mr. Huntley is a very fine man," pursued the clerk, insinuatingly. "You have business with him, perhaps?"

"I thought I should like to see him," said Bion, making another move to turn from the bar.

"Ah—yes," resumed Mr. Clerk, with an attempt to appear wholly disinterested. "Yes, yes,—you wish to see him. He is a relation, I take it?"

"A relation?" uttered the boy, starting.

"Yes—I merely supposed so from the resemblance."

"*Resemblance?*" repeated Bion, with another start.

"Yes, sir. I thought I detected a family resemblance. Don't people ever tell you you look like him?"

"I never heard the remark before, sir."

At this moment a man entered the office who had an umbrella in one hand, and a small trunk in the other; and as such a visitation necessarily called for the attention of the clerk, our hero got clear of further questioning, and at once caught Jack by the arm, and drew him away.

"Don't say a word," urged Bion, as he saw that his companion was about to open his battery of wonderment. "Wait until we see him."

"But how 'll ye navigate arter ye git into his store?" suggested Jack. "What 'll ye tell 'em ye want when they ask ye?"

"O—you must do that, Jack."

"Well—I'll overhaul my old box, and find something."

Ere long they reached the store. They saw the name upon the sign, and were about to enter when the door was opened from within, and two men made their appearance.

"You say Mr. Huntley will not be in under an hour?" said one of them, who was buttoning up his coat as if to depart.

"Not before that," replied the second man, who evidently belonged to the store. "He never comes in before half-past nine; and sometimes not until ten. However—if he comes in before you return I'll tell him you've been——"

Bion stopped to hear no more. He touched Jack upon the arm, and walked quickly away.

"We might 'a' know'd the merchant wouldn't be here," said the old sailor, as he gained Bion's side. "These shore-goin' chaps as has plenty o' money, and plenty o' folks to work for 'em don't hurry themselves mornin's. Too much money makes a man stick to his bed late; for, ye see, he can't sleep o' nights for thinkin' on it, so he has to sleep mornin's to make up. Don't ye see?"

"Yes—you are right as far as some men are concerned," admitted the boy. "A man who has money enough to make him uncomfortable suffers from a cause which cannot be removed, but only made worse at every step. If he gains more his anxiety is increased; if he don't gain more he is discontented; and if he loses any of it he is utterly miserable. I declare, Jack, if there is a man to be pitied it is the man who comes honestly by more money than he knows what to do with. He who has gained it dishonestly only deserves condemnation. But I think there are rich men who are to be pitied."

"Why, me boy, you talk as though you know'd all about it. What chance have you ever had to know about rich men?"

"Ah, Jack," replied the boy, with a smile, "if men only knew of those things which they had personally seen there wouldn't be much intelligence in the world. I have read, Jack—*read*, my friend. The experience of myself only covers some six or seven years of clear memory—perhaps not so much;—but the experiences of which I have read extend back to the Garden of Eden, where old mother Eve first introduced the Tempter to Humanity. Ah! the subtle fellow has presumed much upon his acquaintance with our feminine ancestor!"

"Yes—O—yes," said Jack, scratching his head. "I s'pose so. But—really, Bion—I aint got my old log all written up so far back. But then I know you must be right."

Bion smiled, but he was careful that his companion should not see it. Poor, honest Jack found the lad's reflections rather deep for him.

"From books," resumed our hero, seriously, "we can gain sometimes a more perfect knowledge than we could gain by personal observation. We have it from the mind of one who understood the subject, and who was able to present it clearly. For instance: I have never seen a steam-engine; but yet I can probably tell more about them—explain their principles of action, and so on—far better than many a man who has gazed upon them while working for hours. I have read all that an eminent engine maker ever knew about them. Don't you see?"

"Yes, yes, Bion. And—*I can read!*"

The boy looked up into the face of his companion, and he saw a big tear trembling upon the grizzled lashes. He knew 'twas an offering of gratitude.

The two walked on in silence after this, and soon reached their ship, whither they had concluded to go to help pass away the hour. As their effects were still in the cabin, they turned their steps thither at once. As they entered they saw two men there. One was Captain Puffer; the other was a stranger.

A stranger? See Bion start as his eye rests upon the face of this second man. See him turn pale and tremble. See Jack, too, scrutinize him as one he had before seen.

But the two men were very busy over a lot of papers, and they did not notice immediately who had entered. Bion quickly hid his face, and then, touching Jack upon the arm and beckoning for him to follow, he hurried on to their state-room

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAST RESORT.

Bion was very much agitated when he entered the state-room, and it was sometime ere he could speak. He sat down upon the ottoman, which was stationary upon one side of the room, and rested his head upon his hands. The silence was broken by Jack. Said he:—

"Bion, me boy, d'ye ever see that ere chap afore?"

"Did you ever see him?" returned the boy.

"Yes. I seed him once."

"Where? When?"

"He came aboard the Aldebaran a day or two afore we fetched you aboard."

Bion started up from his feet and caught his companion by the hand:

"What is his name?"

"I don't know. I never heard it," said Jack. "But," he added, as he saw the strange cast of eagerness upon the boy's face, "d'ye s'pect anything?"

"Yes!—I suspect it is *Christopher Huntley!*"

"Eh!" uttered the old sailor, starting back, and gazing into Bion's eye. "Egad, me boy, I believe you've hit it. Who should be so likely to be here as he? I'll bet a dollar you're right!"

"I'm sure I am right."

"But what d'ye make of him?" asked Jack, eagerly. "Can ye make him out?"

"I don't know. I have seen him before—that's certain."

Thus speaking they sat down again upon the ottoman, and the boy remained for some moments—aye, for some minutes—with his face hidden by his hands. At length he started up.

"Jack," he said, nervously and anxiously, "it's no use. I've seen him, and that's all I can make of it. His name is as familiar as can be, and his face is the same. And then all that I can feel towards him is very unpleasant. When I think of him I can only feel that he has been my enemy."

"Why not go out and see him?"

"No, no, Jack—not yet—I must see Margery first now. I have seen all I wanted to see at present. I only wished to see his face that I might tell if it was familiar. I have seen it, and found it as striking as was his name. We will wait until he has gone—then we will be sure of his name—and then I'll slip to Margery Grutt's."

Almost as Bion ceased speaking they heard the visitor leave the cabin; and as soon as he was gone they left their room. The captain was alone, and received them cordially.

"Did you come in while the merchant and I were talking?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," returned Bion, "we saw that you were busy, so we would not trouble you. Was that one of the merchants who own our cargo, sir?"

"Yes—the heaviest one. That was Christopher Huntley."

"Did you tell him of the two new hands you picked up at Calcutta?" asked our hero, trying to appear indifferent.

"No. I had it in my mind to tell him, but something else came up and put it out of my head. I must tell him your story, for I am sure he would feel interested in your welfare. It can do you no harm to have an influential, wealthy friend, you know."

"Of course not," returned the boy, struggling hard to appear calm; "but then—I—don't care about his knowing me at present. That is—not under two or three days."

"Ah—what's in the wind now? You know him, then, do you?"

Bion found the captain's eyes fixed searchingly and wonderingly upon him, and he knew 'twould be of no use to attempt to hide his secret from him; so he said,—

"I don't know, sir, whether I ever knew him or not. But I wish to ascertain that fact before he knows anything of my present whereabouts. But perhaps you can tell me something of him, sir."

"What about him do you wish to know?"

"All about him. How long he has been in business here; what his family is; where he came from; and if he has relatives living."

"Well—I sha'n't be able to inform you much on those points," replied Puffer, with a smile. "However," he added, with a more serious cast, "I will tell you what I know: Mr. Huntley commenced business here about six or seven years ago. He has a wife and one child—a boy—which, by the way, is very sick. He has lost two children. He has no relatives that I know of; and where he belongs, or where he came from, I cannot tell. I should think, however, that he was not a native of this section."

"You don't know if he ever had negro slaves, do you?"

"No—I do not. And now, what is all this?"

"I will explain it all sir, when we have——"

"He may help us, me boy," interrupted Jack, placing his hand upon Bion's shoulder, with a demonstrative movement.

The idea was appreciated by the boy at once. He pondered a few moments, and then sat down, and related to Captain Puffer the whole story of his life as he could remember it; giving his suspicions and his doubts, and his present intentions. The captain listened with deep interest, frequently interrupting with important questions, and when the story was concluded he arose and paced the cabin for some time. He was one of those who cannot think while still. In order to set his mind at work it was necessary that his whole frame should be in motion. At length he resumed his seat and turned towards the boy.

"Yours is a curious tale, Bion. One thing I can tell you about this Christopher Huntley: There is something weighing heavily upon his mind. I am sure of that. I can see it when he speaks, and when he thinks; and I can see it in his very walk at times. However,—you go now and see this old woman, and meanwhile I will be studying up some plan of operations by which I can aid you."

Bion thanked the Captain warmly, and then left the cabin. Jack went with him to the street, and promised to meet him on board the ship at noon.

"Now mind ye," urged the old sailor, impressively: "Don't ye go for to show yer hand by askin' old Margery any questions at first. If ye would git anything from her ye must do it by stratagem. Ye'll mind that!"

"O, yes, Jack. I won't forget."

So the latter turned away, and our hero entered the narrow ally, and soon reached the house. He stopped a few moments in the entry to arrange his thoughts, and then rapped upon the inner door. Margery herself came, and she seemed to be glad at first to see him, though ere long she began to show signs of nervousness. But the boy struck into conversation, and finally succeeded in bringing his hostess out from her nervousness. Having learned that Cora was up in her room, reading a new book Driscol had given her, he ran off upon his adventures.

He told over some of his most thrilling passages, and finally worked his way home, by due course of remark, to the city. He had just told what a fine hotel he and Jack had, and then, with a light smile, he said—

"And, by the way, Aunty, I have come across an old acquaintance since we got in. I'll bet you can't guess who it is."

"Why—how can I guess, me leetle sonny? Who was it?"

"You wouldn't think who it was, Aunty, if you were to guess a hundred times. It was Christopher Huntley. Should you thought of him?"

Margery started at that name; but if she was at all moved by sudden alarm or fear, it was quickly displaced by an intense curiosity. How on earth could the boy have known Christopher Huntley?

Bion waited some time for Margery to speak; but he waited in vain. She only gazed into his face, and listened for what else he might have to say.

"You know him, don't you, aunty?" the boy at length continued.

"Know who, me boy?" returned the old woman, as honestly as though she had not heard. "Ye was a speakin' about meetin' somebody, wasn't ye?"

"Yes. To be sure I was. I told you I had met with *Christopher Huntley!*"

"O—yes—Huntley? Yes, yes. Well—was he glad to see ye, me boy?"

"Well," said Bion, somewhat disconcerted—"I don't know as I could tell about that. Should you suppose he would have been glad to see me?"

"*Me?* Lor' sakes alive, child, what d'ye mean? How should I know anything about him?"

"But you know Christopher Huntley, don't you?"

"Not as I know on, me son. Who is he?"

There was a twinkle in the woman's eye that revealed to Bion the fact that she was trying to deceive him. He saw it very plainly; and he knew enough of her character to know that he would gain nothing on that tack. After pondering a few seconds, during which he was aware that Margery was eying him with a sort of triumphant smile, he came to this conclusion:—That if the woman was a party to the wrong which had been done to him she would not be led into exposing one of her accomplices; and if she had received the merchant's money in payment for her share in the work, she would not say anything that could expose him, unless her heart could be touched. Having arrived at this point the boy resolved to appeal at once to her better feelings. So he arose and stood before her, and took one of her hands.

"Margery," he said, in an earnest, imploring tone, "I have seen Christopher Huntly, to-day, and I know I have seen him before. The feeling is strong upon me that I have been deeply wronged; I think he has wronged me. You know something of it. Tell me. Oh! Aunt Margery—if I have loved you—if I have tried to make you happy—if I have ever tried to please you;—if I have done all this, then, by the love you should bear me, I ask you—I pray you—to tell me what I am to Christopher Huntley!"

"Well," returned Margery Grutt, speaking very lowly and emphatically, "I think you are to be pitied, me poor leetle son. You're real crazy, jest as sartin as can be! How long have ye had sich a drefful bad idee on yer mind?"

Bion sank back into his seat with a groan of disappointment. He knew as well as he knew anything, that the woman was only mocking him; and he saw very plainly that she was determined not to give him any information upon the subject. At first he was impelled almost to accusing her, but upon reflection he saw that such a course would not be good policy. If he would gain anything from her it would have to come at her own pleasure. But beyond this—if he should say anything to provoke her she might send him away, and then he could not save Cora. Ah—her salvation was of the most importance, after all.

"Well, well," he murmured, as though he meant to speak with himself only. "I am sorry. O—I had hoped I should find out who that man was. I know I have seen him before. I know I have!"

"Did ye speak to him, me boy?" Margery asked.

"No—he didn't see me at all."

"Oh—he didn't?" cried the woman, with much apparent relief. "Then let me advise ye, Bion, not to let him see ye. Ef he's yer enemy ye'd better keep out of his way, at any rate, while ye are so young. In course I don't know nothin' about him, only wat ye've told me. But 'pears to me, ef I was in your place, I'd let him lie for the present."

"Well, aunty," returned the boy; having overcome all his ill-feeling, and put his own concerns below the consideration of Cora's safety; "I suppose you must be right. I should like to know who and what this man is, but I would not run any risk for it."

"There's where ye're right, Bion. Don't ye go to runnin' yer hand right into the lion's mouth."

"I guess I'll let him rest, aunty. But I thought you might know him. I knew you were acquainted with my early childhood, and I didn't know but this man might have been something to me then. However, if you don't know him, I sha'n't be likely to find any one that does; and more still: If you don't know him I should rather think that he never had anything to do with me. And now that's out of the way, suppose I go up and see Cora."

"You'd better go and see her than to be huntin' up ugly-lookin' men, me son. You'll find her in her room."

The boy stopped to say no more.

"My sakes!" muttered Margery Grutt, to herself, after the boy had gone, "how did he know his uncle? His eyes must be mighty quick ones. But then he ain't sartin about it; and he don't mistrust anything about the uncle part on't. I declare, I should like to help the little fellow; but then I must serve them as pays me. Ef I hadn't a took the boy somebody else would 'a had to 'ave took him that wouldn't 'a' treated him so well. No—I think he has reason to bless his stars that old Margery took him."

This was the way she often smoothed down slight compunctions when the thought of the wrong that was being done to Bion and Cora happened to find her conscience. The certainty that somebody would have taken them who would have treated them worse afforded her much consolation.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the woman, as she pondered a little further upon the interview just terminated. "The leetle fellow thought to catch me in a trap, when he said he'd met an old acquaintance. Ha, ha, ha—but he didn't quite do it."

In the meantime Bion had found Cora, and they were engaged in an important discussion.

"I know Jack must have one of the best of mothers," said the boy, "and you will be very happy there. O—it will be much pleasanter than it is here. Only think—by the side of a beautiful lake—in a sweet cottage—where roses, and violets, and honey-suckles, and wild-flowers of all kinds grow in their season. Say, Cora—will it not be very pleasant?"

"Yes, Bion," the girl answered, throwing her arms about her companion's neck. "If I was sure they would be willing to have me there. I can work some, but not much, you know."

"Work?" cried the young lover, with energy. "Do you suppose I'm going to put you where you've got to feel that you must work for your living? Do you think I would have you left where your young and tender frame should be bent and cramped by work? No. The time must come, if you live, when you should be able and willing to take care of a home—to work for those you love; but it is not time now. I have money in plenty, and I tell you truly when I say that my highest joy in thinking of my gold has been derived from the thought that I could now assist and protect my beloved Cora. Of course, you would not dash my cup to the ground all untasted."

"No, Bion. I will do as you wish. But what of that Mr. Greenwood? How shall we ever find anything further of that business? O, I should like to know who he is."

"But, you see the danger of stopping to consider that now, don't you? This man who has been appointed to take you away to the wilderness of the Great West may be ready to start at any time; and if you once fall into his power, how are we to save you?"

"I see—I see," murmured Cora. "You know I would not stop now."

"We will get safely to Jack's home first," pursued Bion, "and then we can consider this other point as much as we please. Have you said anything to Margery on the subject yet?"

"Yes. I approached her as carefully as I could, but could gain nothing from her. I pretended that I'd been dreaming about my mother, and asked her to tell me about her, but she said she knew nothing more than she had already told me. It is of no use to question her, Bion; and I could not ask her any more if I had them to ask. She really seemed to take delight in seeing me bother myself. She tells me wrong stories, I know."

"I know," said Bion, with a dubious shake of the head. "I have had a trial at it. She not only deceives us, but she seems to feel pleased to see us worry under our doubts. But never mind. We have a long time before us in which to unravel the mystery; and we can always find plenty of friends to help us. I think Jack has expressed the wisest opinion upon the subject. He says thus: We both have enemies, and it is evidently their firm purpose to keep us out of the way. While we are so young we had better keep quiet, because should we come in direct contact with these wicked people they might injure us when we could not help it. We could do much better if we were older. We will have some one on the watch in our behalf, and at the proper time we will make a movement for our rights, if we find that we are really deprived of any. Don't you think the same? Don't you think 'twould be better not to think of placing ourselves openly against our enemies while we are so young?"

"I think so—certainly," answered Cora.

Bion was certainly a little selfish in this conclusion. He could not bear the idea of Cora's being taken away from him. Should she find a parent, and should she be taken to a home of wealth while so young, might she not be taught to forget him? He could not think of it. Perhaps he did not realize how much he was operated upon by this idea; but then he had good reasons for wishing Cora to give up all search for her people beside this, and of these he thought most. He feared that the power which had consigned her to her present doom might be exercised to seize her again when no one was nigh to help her. And there was reason in this fear, too. The man who had planned to send her off to the West probably had much money, and could thus command any assistance he might need, even to putting her out of existence, if he felt he would not be safe otherwise. All things considered, he was surely about to pursue the wisest course.

"You are not watched at night, are you?" the boy asked, in a low whisper.

"O, no."

"Then you could leave the house at any time?"

"If I could open the doors."

"But I guess the keys are left in, aint they?"

"I don't know. I never came down at night."

"I am sure they can all be unlocked from the inside. The outer door had a lock and two bolts beside. You can turn the key, and then slip the bolts back. I will be in the court precisely at midnight. Will you be awake then and come down?"

"But suppose Margery should be awake?"

"If she sleeps as she used to sleep there isn't much danger. You can easily tell whether she is sleeping or not by her breathing. She sleeps in her little room by the kitchen, don't she?"

"Yes."

"Then you can easily tell whether she is asleep or not. If when you reach the bottom of the stairs she should be awake, you must wait. I shall wait until you come, if 'tis till morning."

"I will come, Bion. O, I must come! It would kill me to be taken way off to that wild country, where I should never see you any more!"

"Ah—you would see me, Cora; for I should search the country all over till I had found you. But yet we won't give them the chance."

"*Bion! Bion!*"

It was Margery calling from the foot of the stairs; and when Bion asked her what was wanted she told him Jack had come for him.

"Is it noon?" the boy asked of Cora.

"O, yes. It's nearly one o'clock."

"I had no idea it was so late. I was to have met Jack on board the ship at twelve. But you will remember. I shall be here at midnight."

"I will meet you if I can."

"You will be careful?"

"Yes."

"If we are detected in this, we may not have another opportunity. Jack must start to-morrow if possible, because——"

"*Bion! Bion!*"

——"Yes, yes—in a moment, aunty. Let me just finish this one page. I've only got two lines to read."

——"because he's got to get back in season for the ship, and he wants to spend a little while with his mother. Oh! be careful."

"I will. Fear not."

"Then—God bless you! There.——Good-bye till mid——"

"*Bion! Bion!*"

"Coming!"

"Good-bye!"

One kiss, and our hero hurried down.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FOLLIES OF FOOLISH PARENTS.

The solicitude of parents, especially mothers, to make their daughters fine ladies is truly ridiculous. How often soever the poor child has occasion to look at anything below the parallel of the horizon and a little relax the muscles of the neck, it can hardly ever escape the notice of her mamma or her governess, and she is bid, with more than common poignancy of expression, to hold up her head, perhaps more than a thousand times in a day. If one of her shoulders should be thought to rise but an hair's breath higher than the other, she is immediately bound and braced, twisted and screwed, in a most unmerciful manner, and tortured almost to death in order to correct the supposed irregularity. And lest the dear creature, in the natural play and free use of her limbs, should contract any ungenteel habits, the dancing master must be called in at least three times a week to put every part of the body into its due place and attitude, and teach her to sit, stand, and walk, according to the exact rules of his art, which to be sure must infinitely exceed all the simplicity of untutored nature. Should the least pimple appear on any part of the face, or, what is still more alarming, should the milk-maid's flush of health begin to betray itself in the color of the cheeks, all possible means must be used, physic and diet must do their part, nay health itself must be endangered or destroyed to suppress that vulgar complexion.

These have been the prevailing modes of female education, so far as they respect the care of the person; and though we would not have these to be totally neglected, yet we cannot but think, that the methods suggested by such passionate fondness for external appearances, have not only generally failed of their intention, but, in some particular instances, produced quite contrary effects. Health and beauty have been frequently destroyed by a solicitous care to preserve them, deformity induced, and a thousand ill habits contracted by the very means that were intended to prevent them. But suppose we had it in our power to make all our daughters fine ladies, and set them off with all the striking embellishments of external appearance and form, so as to captivate all the thoughtless and inconsiderate that come in their way, should we not be in danger of losing all the fruits of internal and rational culture, those real accomplishments of mind and manners, which are of infinitely greater moment, and which cannot fail to recommend them to people of true taste and discernment? And when so much care and time are employed on the one, can it be expected that there should be sufficient time or a proper disposition for the other?

PLAGIARISM AMONG AUTHORS.

The allegation of resemblance between authors is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions on which all reasonable men will think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation. The interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though perhaps not the most atrocious, of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors delivering the elements of science advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NECESSITY.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it, it might be granted, we think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to the far greater number it is highly expedient, that they should, by some settled scheme of duties, be rescued from the tyranny of caprice; that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life, with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

* * *

ABSENCE OF FEAR NOT ALWAYS A SIGN OF COURAGE.—Every passion becomes weak in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil must be considered as the object of fear; but the passion is excited only when the evil becomes probable; or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the same evil may become probable many ways, there are several species of danger: that danger to which men are continually exposed, soon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, must not be considered as an example of courage; for equal danger of any other kind will still produce the same degree of fear in the same mind.

CARL AND THE FLOWERS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Fair-haired, graceful German—stranger,
Wherefore does that tear-drop shine
In thy mournful blue eyes' shadows?
Art thou dreaming of the Rhine?
Of the wild, romantic ruins
Where the haunting night-winds moan,
And the ivy's faithful clasping
Clings around the cold, dark stone?

No, oh, no—the ancient castles
And the river blue and deep,
All are dear, and grand, and glorious—
But 'tis not for *them* I weep.
See these flowers—I had a sister
Far beyond the wide, dim seas,
Whose young heart o'erflowed with worship
For all lovely things like these.

In the wild romance of boyhood,
Mid the spring-times blessed bloom,
Oft I've told her of the specters
In the Hartz's haunted gloom;
And while mourning winds were murmuring
Solemn stories to the pines,
Timidly she's clasped me closer
Underneath our lattice-vines.

When my mother's farewell kisses
Oft had pressed my tearful cheek,
And I turned to that sweet sister
And, with lip that scarce could speak,
Asked what she would have me think of
Far from that sweet home of ours,
With a childish kiss she murmured:
Love us, Carl, and *love the flowers.*

Now the birds are sweetly singing
Summer songs beside the Rhine
And the flowers are fair as ever
In the valleys of the vine—
But my idol-sister sees not
Bloom nor beauty on the earth—
And our home is hushed and lonely,
Never more to echo mirth.

Far beneath an old tree's shadows,
Where the sweet blue violets wave,
And the mourning birds sing saddest,
There's a little grassy grave—
And as here I stand all lonely
Mid the summer's fragrant bowers,
I can hear an angel whispering:
Carl, my brother, *love the flowers.*

AGATHA'S EXPERIENCE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Why, Agatha Campbell did, to be sure. And she wasn't the only one, by a long shot. Mr. Marlowe didn't know everything, if he believed that all love comes at a jump, or catches a person as the cramp does.

Elvira Campbell, the elder sister of the merry Agatha, very dutifully loved the first man that asked for her love. In that behavior, she gave great satisfaction to the good uncle who stood in the place of father to the two orphan girls. He, bless his kind heart, never could bear to have a worthy young man meet with a refusal from a girl whom he had honored by a declaration of his affection for her. Agatha, wicked creature, used to make a great many malicious allusions to a certain time, far back in the past, of which she had, somehow or other, heard, in which her uncle had himself stood in imminent danger of a rejection from the fair maiden (as she then was) who was now his devoted and admiring wife. The provoking girl always would have it that it was the memory of his own agonizing suspense and dread that rendered Uncle Peter so tender-hearted toward all young lovers. He seemed to be possessed of an idea that a girl could love *any* good and enterprising young fellow that happened to fall in love with her; that it was her bounden duty to do so, and that she was a most ungrateful and cold-hearted creature, if she didn't. Therefore, as has been said, it was greatly to her uncle's satisfaction that Elvira accepted the first offer which she received. But as to Agatha, poor Uncle Peter could have no such comfort in *her* conduct. She had beaux as numerous as a swarm of bees; and though she always liked every one very much when he first came, she invariably got disgusted with him in a few weeks, and turned to some new lover.

It was useless to remonstrate. Agatha declared that she could not help it; and she couldn't. Her uncle stormed in vain. She cried sometimes; but far more frequently she laughed, for she was a right merry maiden. And with all her faults, Uncle Peter, dear soul, really loved her. He tried everything he could think of to bring her to reason; yes, he *was* faithful with his wicked niece—never was anxious parent more faithful. He even went so far as, upon several different occasions, to recommend to her to heat a brick and swallow it, that she might be no longer without *something warm* within. It is mortifying to record that this most useful and agreeable suggestion was not reduced to practice. But Agatha was apt to be heedless and neglectful of advice.

"You'll never be married—never, as long as you live and breathe," said her anxious sister.

"No, never, never!" echoed her aunt.

"Nor do you deserve to be," finished her uncle.

"Who cares, if I am not! I guess I can make out to live without a husband to order me round," retorted Miss Perversity. "Anybody'd think, to hear you all talk, that marriage was one of the articles of faith necessary to everlasting salvation."

"I think you *need* a husband to order you round, Miss, for you pay no regard to the orders of anybody else," said Uncle Peter, trying to look severe.

Agatha received this remark with a grimace, that, in spite of his resistance, parted his lips with a smile.

He *nipped it in* as soon as he could; and, with sternly puckered lips, was about to make some further disparaging remarks, when his audacious niece, having filled her mouth with molasses candy, suddenly fell upon his neck, and went to kissing him most adhesively.

"You good-for-nothing witch!" he cried, struggling to free himself from her sweet embraces. "Wife, take her off; don't let her smother me before your eyes!"

"Aint I sweet, uncle?" said Agatha. "Say I'm sweet, and that you love me, or I'll kiss you till you can't open your eyes."

"Yes, yes—I love you, and you are a sweet creature," said Uncle Peter; and she relaxed her hold. He started up, got his hat in his hand, and the door between him and his tormentor, and added: "But the sweetest things sour soonest; and you'll be *the most vinegar-like old maid* that ever was created."

"Spat," went something—"spat—thwack," went two other things. Agatha's small slippers, and a big book, had hit the door somewhere in the near neighborhood of Uncle Peter's head. But he was off.

"I wonder if he thinks I am going to marry all these men, or any one of them, without loving him?" she said.

"He thinks you are a very notional creature; and that you might settle down your mind on some one of your admirers, if you had any desire to do so."

"I'm sure I'm willing to fall heartily in love, if I can; but, really, I don't believe I ever *shall* love any man well enough to marry and *mind* him. I've thought, several times, that I was going to come to the right state of feeling, but it alway passed off. The fact is, the better I know my lovers, the less I like them. Now, do you think I'd ever marry while I felt so? No, indeed. When I feel that I *cannot live* without the presence and the love of some one particular gentleman, I'll marry him, if he'll have me, and I never will marry till then. So that's the end of the whole matter; I've been waiting for that all this time."

Agatha was hardly twenty years old; so that there was no particular cause for haste in her case.

A few weeks after the above conversation, the sisters were at a party. There were several strange gentlemen there, and, as usual, they soon gathered about Agatha. There was some mysterious attraction about the mischievous girl, that acted upon men as molasses or honey does on flies—they were sure to be drawn towards her. One young man, however, stood aloof all the evening. This remarkable conduct drew Agatha's attention towards him. She wasn't at all pleased with his looks or manner, and was glad that he kept himself out of her way.

"What a stiff, disagreeable man that Mr. Willis is; don't you think so, Elvira?" observed Agatha, as they were disrobing that night.

"He wasn't very entertaining, it must be confessed," returned her sister.

"Entertaining! he was the most tiresome prater of a man that ever I beheld—I don't know when I've seen any gentleman that I took such a dislike to. I'm glad I didn't have to talk any with him. I couldn't have treated him civilly."

"Why, Agatha Campbell! are you not ashamed of yourself to feel so, or to speak so about a person who has never given you the slightest cause to dislike him?"

"He *has* given me cause. I hate to *see* a man that is so mortal homely as he is—especially when he can't talk, or make himself in any way interesting. I do wish such people would always keep out of my sight."

"You talk like a sensible girl—don't you, now! One would suppose that you think *yourself* a beauty; and I'm sure you are not."

"Who said I was? but I know I'm agreeable and handsome enough to have all the gentlemen like me. If I thought I was as homely as Mr. Willis is, I'd be tempted to drown myself."

Elvira burst into a fit of laughter.

"You are wonderfully mistaken in regard to the personal appearance of that unfortunate gentleman," said she. "He is an uncommonly intelligent and pleasing looking man. I chanced to notice him as he was conversing with Mrs. Taylor, and really I was quite charmed with his language, his illuminated face, his exquisite smile, and the deep and musical tones of his voice. He was dull enough most of the evening; something has given him a heavy heart, I think; but depend upon it he is a study, and *well worth* studying."

"Exquisite smile! illuminated face!" repeated Agatha, scornfully—"illuminated pumpkin! you'd better say. Upon my word, Elvira, I think John had better look out for you."

"He is in no danger," quietly replied Elvira.

The next morning, at breakfast, Elvira couldn't refrain from telling, as a good joke, how angry Agatha had become, because she had seen a man at the party who, as she imagined, was ugly."

"Ho—ho—ho! ha—ha!" laughed Uncle Peter. "Why, my dear, was he the first ugly man you ever saw? What was his name?"

"Mr. Westbrook Willis," replied Elvira.

"Westbrook Willis!" exclaimed Uncle Peter, in tones of indignant amazement. "Westbrook Willis! you silly puppet, you! 'ugly!' is he? Why, girl, there never was a more kingly man that walked the earth; and he looks it, too, to any one who knows how to behold him. I wish that you had a soul large enough to understand his noble and intellectual beauty."

"Really, Uncle Peter, I had no idea that you could talk in such an eloquent style. Why, you might almost be a stump-speaker for next election."

"Impudent child! But I know how to punish you. Mr. Willis has come to this town to practice law; and as his father and myself were once intimate friends, and as I think as much of the son as I do of the father, the former is coming to my house to board—to make it his home till such time as he shall have a house of his own."

Agatha couldn't finish her breakfast. She was angry to the very heart. But there was no help for it; and that very noon the despised stranger made one of the circle at the dinner table. He took no notice of Agatha, having taken full as great—no, not *that*, for Mr. Willis was above such whims—but he was not at all *prejudiced in favor* of Miss Agatha Campbell. Her sister he liked much better; and as he was a person who acted very independently, he conversed freely with the one sister, and spoke to the other only when politeness required it. Truth compelled Agatha to admit that she had been a good deal mistaken in the real appearance of the gentleman; and by the time he had been an inmate of her uncle's house a week, she had discovered that he really did possess a countenance of unusual interest, though it was one which was as changeful as an April day.

Mr. Willis was very fond of reading aloud to the girls evenings, as they sat at their work. Elvira had requested him to do so in the first instance; and as he had expressed much pleasure in being thus employed, she had made it a standing arrangement, that when there was no company, he should read to them an hour or two every evening.

As Elvira had said, Willis *was* a study; and Agatha found herself engaged in studying him before he had been many weeks in the family. She was too obstinately bent on disliking him to confess it to her sister, but she could not but admire the man's opinions and sentiments. His quick and clear sense of right and wrong, and the justness of all his decisions, were, she thought, most remarkable in *a lawyer*. He was reading, one night, from Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit. His fine-toned voice, and expressive face, together with the habit he had of looking at his hearers nearly half his time, as if he knew by heart all that he read, and wished to see how it affected them, rendered the pleasure of listening to him a *very* great one. You couldn't help entering into, and heartily enjoying all that he read. And you couldn't help admiring the reader, either. It could hardly have been in the heart of man—*certainly* not in that of *woman*—to sit before those beaming eyes, that soul-lit face, stamped in every line with the most cordial good-will, and as open and honest as the light of day; to drink in the strength, the tenderness, the mirth, the wailing, of that powerful and perfectly commanded voice, and not be drawn kindly, if no more, towards the reader.

Elvira made no effort to resist the admiration which she felt for Mr. Willis; she was fortified by a real and exclusive love for her John, or, perhaps, to admiration and good will a warmer feeling might have been added. But as for poor Agatha, she *had* a time of it. What strange experiences the child went through, as she sat there, silently listening to Mr. Willis while he read or talked to her sister (for even yet, he had very little to say to *her*). Every day was showing her more clearly the absolute superiority over all other men of her acquaintance in which Mr. Willis stood. There were wild swellings within her of hostile forces; there was surging of impetuous waves against the dam of her resolutions; and now and then there was a shake, a shiver, a swaying, as if that dam were about giving way.

Well, but this evening, while reading Martin Chuzzelwit, Mr. Willis came upon the following passage:—

"There are some falsehoods on which men mount, as on light wings, toward heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have to fan him in his dying hour the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, (Tom Pinch's,) than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproachful truth, since the world began?"

At the close of this period, Willis shut his finger into the book, and looked, with a half smile on his lip, but a whole serious look in his eye, first at one and then the other of the girls.

"What do you think of the ethics of that?" inquired he.

Elvira hadn't noticed any particular moral character to the sentence. She was absorbed in the story. Very much like some editors, she was, who, so long as there is no downright vulgarity or profanity in a tale, pass it as a "moral tale," though it may in spirit be utterly immoral. They *mean* well, but they see nothing below the surface. Elvira never would have been likely to have received much harm from any such dim errors in ethics, for she never noticed them. Not so Agatha; her mind was quick and keen "as a two-edged sword;" yes, and notwithstanding her many slight faults of character, she was thoroughly right at the core.

Mr. Willis now noticed that her cheeks were red and her eye bright with excitement; and he smiled at her almost as cordially as he did at her sister, as he said—

"Well! and you?"

"I think it is utterly wrong—that it is making a merit of doing evil that good may come, which is strictly forbidden."

"Right—and *a lie* is *no less* a *sin* because it is not a harsh truth. It is a pity that all novelists are not Christian men. They reach the masses as no other writers can hope to do; and if their stories of life and love were but underlain by pure religious principle what untold good they would have it in their power to do. Such a man as Dickens, now, is the educator of hundreds of thousands. His touching descriptions of poverty and helpless childhood have added tenderness and charity to unnumbered hearts; but his good qualities only give the greater power of mischief to his bad. And at the base of his moral nature there is some rottenness or he never could have penned such words as these. Go on from that point, and you could utter a plea for every sin that ever was committed, if it were but done in gentleness of heart. How many hundreds or thousands of lies may not that one sweetly apologizing sentence have to answer for. I would that Dickens had not written it—I would that he had in his moral nature that which had forbidden him to think it."

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say so. 'Tis just what I think—always when I come across such things in books—but I never could have expressed it so clearly."

Agatha spoke earnestly. The eyes of Willis rested on her fair, young face glowing with pure feeling and —— Well! he found that it was a pleasant face to gaze on; and he looked so long that its color deepened painfully. Then he returned suddenly to the story; but he never felt indifferent to the wayward Agatha any more.

Something in the manner of the two struck Elvira as rather peculiar.

"What do you think of Mr. Willis, *now?*" she asked of her sister when they were in their chamber.

"I am sleepy—I wish you would not talk to me," was the only reply which was accorded to Elvira's question.

Agatha had often privately wished that she might fall devotedly and unchangeably in love with some worthy man; but she had almost given up all hope of ever doing so. She did not like the idea of going through life without having some one that she could dearly love to love her better than all things else. No woman—no true woman, can look that prospect fairly in the face and not shrink from it. However it may be with the heart of man, there is in that of woman a demand for the consolation and support of a true and best love; and Agatha, spite of her affected carelessness, was no exception to this rule. Her real feelings she never fully declared; but in her secret thoughts she felt that it was a desolate thing to miss of a faithful and satisfying human love.

"But never will I marry till I *am* satisfied," was always her conclusion resolutely adhered to—"for better is loneliness than uncongenial company."

But now—well—the very world seemed changing before her eyes—the earth seemed shifting from beneath her feet; she was becoming a new creature, and all because of Mr. Willis.

He had somewhat changed the order of exercises of late—causing the girls to read to *him* part of the time. One evening Elvira was out with her dear John, and when Willis entered the bright and pleasant sitting-room, Agatha was there with no companion save her old aunt, who was so hard of hearing that it was difficult to talk with her.

"Will you read to me this evening, and wait until some other time for me to take my turn?" said Willis, drawing a chair near to the seat of Agatha.

"Yes, I will read awhile; but why cannot you take your turn to-night?" was the reply.

"I have been obliged to talk so much to-day that my voice is almost gone. Shall I be excused?"

"Certainly. What shall I read?"

Please to go right on with those poems which we were last night reading. I've read them all repeatedly; but I love to hear *you* read them."

It was with rather unsteady voice that Agatha read; for they were mostly love songs that she was reading, and many of their expressions were such as her own heart responded to—it seemed to her—almost audibly. Coming at last upon the little poem by Mrs. Hemans—

"Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart
Give back mine to me;
For if in thine I have no part
Why should mine dwell with thee."

She choked and paused—then, as persons generally do when they by no means wish it, she looked directly into the eyes of her companion. The glance was but momentary; but it told her that he had been observing all her agitation. She was instantly covered with confusion, and the book slipped from her hand.

"I will gladly make that exchange, dear Agatha," he said, "rather I *would* gladly give you my heart were it not yours *already*. Am I right in thinking that I have your heart in return?"

'Tis impossible to relate any further particulars of this scene; for just then Agatha's aunt arose and left the room—warned to do so by some mysterious impulse—and there were no witnesses to what followed.

But when Elvira returned that night, Agatha was awaiting her in their chamber; and when she had by her excited manner and singular expressions, so alarmed her sister as to cause her to take her by the hand, feel her pulse, and lay an anxious hand upon her burning cheek, saying—"you act as if you were out of your mind; I'm afraid you're going to have a fever, aren't you?" she very essentially changed the flow of the anxious girl's ideas, by replying, while she threw her arms about Elvira's neck—

"No, no—you dull girl, I'm not in a fever; but, after all your scoldings I'm really in love at last; and am going to be married to that glorious and dearly beloved Westbrook Willis. And I am *so* thankful and happy, that I don't know what in this world I shall do."

She was married to him, and their love has *endured thus far through life.* So much for always loving "at first sight."

"COMING BACK SOON!"

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"You are coming back soon?" every one says to the eager boy who is going out from the quiet of his native village, to make his way in the great bustling world beyond.

"Oh, yes—as soon as I have made my fortune," is the laughing reply, and the good-byes are exchanged, and the yellow stage-coach rolls off, bearing more hope and happiness upon its back seat, than, *with the same occupant*, it will ever bring back again.

"Coming back soon." The boy little knows that *he* never can come back! Something may come that will be taller, and more graceful, and more attractive, and call his parents father and mother—something that will look, half-sadly, and half-contemptuously, on the old familiar places where his youth was spent—but the boy—happy, eager, hopeful and innocent, has gone forever!

"Coming back soon!" Is this young lady, ringleted and flounced and gloved, who plays the piano to a charm, and looks askance at a kitchen towel and a broom, the sunbrowned, good-natured little Maggie, with whom he romped in early days? Maggie wore her brown hair in curls, flying in the summer wind—but this young lady's locks are pomatumed, scented, and carefully "done up," according to the last fashion. Maggie wore a blue gingham frock, which has always danced before his vision as the most charming thing in existence; but "Miss Marguerite" arrays her dainty limbs in the most expensive silks, and wears hoops of such vast circumference that he can only look on and admire at a respectful distance. Sometimes, as they sit side by side, he remembers the old times, and half wishes they could come back again—but his first glance at the composed face of the lady beside him annihilates the idea, and he heaves a kind of rueful sigh, and lets it pass away. By-and-bye, "Miss Marguerite" is married to a bald-headed, rich old man—old enough to be her grandfather. He goes to her wedding, and drinks her health in the best of wine—he begins to dream himself of a wealthy wife, and to think it wont do to be foolish, and that he must have an eye to business when he gives himself away. The fast young man, and the woman of fashion meet often in their gay, city life—but the boy and girl who walked hand-in-hand to school, have gone straying away together over the strawberry fields and daisied pastures long ago, and no one thinks of saying to *them*—"You are coming back soon?"

Coming back? Who ever yet came back, and found all things unchanged? Drive up the long-remembered roads, and you will miss here a tree, here a patch of daisies and buttercups, and here an old grey farmhouse, which you had fondly hoped would outlast your day and generation. Enter the town which was once a "happy valley" to you, and what do you see? Only a puny little village, with the pleasant walks you used to love turned into ambitious sidewalks, and paved with the roughest of stones, with the old familiar houses and fences re-modeled and new painted, till you lose all the old landmarks—with everything changed, and you, it may be, most of all! Sit down, then, if you will, in your lonely room; call up the forms of those you loved, who are now scattered far away, and try to people the dusty streets with more beloved faces. Can you succeed? Is it not a poor, pale phantom that you strive to press to your aching heart? Was it wise in you, after all, this "coming back?" Oh, the past is beautiful to look at, afar off, but when we stretch out our hands to bring it nearer, it vanishes, and leaves nothing in our grasp, but thin and unsubstantial air!

Strange! I sit in my lonely room to day, and miss something familiar—something sweet—something very dear! It will never linger here again; the sunlight falling through the casement, will never play upon that soft, fair hair; the white hand will never gather these blush roses; the large blue eyes will shine upon me here no more. One page of life's romance has been read; shut the volume and put it away. Much that might have blessed me—much I might have loved—much that might have loved me—and much I can never hope to meet again—has consecrated this little room—has passed away like a dream of beauty, and—alas that I should write it!—will beam and brighten here no more; is not, cannot be "coming back soon."

But there *is* a land—thank God!—there *is* a land, where all the lost light and loveliness of life shall cluster around us, with ten-fold the glory it has worn for us here! There is a land where we shall sin and sorrow no more; where there shall be no more partings and no more tears; where the young and the old, the happy and the wretched, the bond and the free, shall alike know the loving kindness and tender mercy of a God whose divinest attribute is Love!

"O Land, O Land for all the broken-hearted!
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us, with a gentle hand,
Into the Land of the great departed—
Into the Silent Land!"

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

"Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,
You are too late to come to supper."

This popular song is changed, in the course of advancing refinement, so as to read—"Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq., have the goodness to withdraw for a few minutes, as in consequence of his late arrival it will be wholly impossible for him to take his evening refreshments at the first table."

DUTIES OF MOTHERS.

It is to be regretted that more care is not bestowed on teaching the proper management of children to those whom nature has designed for mothers. This, instead of being made the principal, is seldom considered as any part of female education. Is it any wonder, when females so educated come to be mothers, that they should be quite ignorant of the duties belonging to that character? However strange it may appear, it is certainly true, that many mothers, and those of fashion, too, are as ignorant, when they have brought a child into the world, of what is to be done for it, as the infant itself.

Were the time that is generally spent by females in the acquisition of trifling accomplishments, employed in learning how to bring up children, how to dress them so as not to hurt, cramp, or confine their motions, how to feed them with wholesome and nourishing food, how to exercise their tender bodies so as to promote their growth and strength. Were these made the objects of female instruction, mankind would derive the greatest advantages from it. But while the education of females implies little more than what relates to dress and public show, we have nothing to expect from them but ignorance, even in the most important concerns.

Did mothers reflect on their own importance and lay it to heart, they would embrace every opportunity of informing themselves of the duties which they owe to their infant offspring. It is their province, not only to form the body, but also to give the mind its most early bias. They have it very much in their power to make men healthy or valetudinary, useful in life or the pests of society.

AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

A short while ago as we sat thinking over the frailties of our race, our eye chanced to fall upon the web of a spider, around which was playing an unsuspecting fly, unconscious of the danger which surrounded it. The wary spider scanned closely its movements, but stirred not, calmly biding his time. He had not long to wait, the fly, charmed with the beauty of the nest, soon made the fatal plunge. No sooner trapped than with fearful bounds it sought to free itself, and for a time the contest seemed doubtful. While they were warring for the mastery, another noble prize was entrapped, but the spider, true to its interest, made no effort whatever to secure it, but sought, rather the securement of that which was still in jeopardy. And as we reflected upon the spider's course we found that it had been wise and proper, for had he loosened his hold upon one, both would doubtless have eluded his grasp.

How instructive the lesson—and how unlike the course pursued by man? He, not content to secure enough, is ever grasping for more. And how often does he in grasping for everything get nothing. Let us henceforth learn wisdom from the spider. It teaches the one great lesson of happiness—contentment.

INTIMACIES BETWEEN YOUNG WOMEN.

I am not fond, says Madame de Genlis, of the close intimacies often formed between very young women. Believe me, it is not a friend they seek, neither is it a guide or adviser, for they may find these in a mother or sister, but a kind and complying confidante. They beginb y disclosing to each other all the little secrets of their past lives, till by degrees their imaginations are heated, and to prove that they have the strictest confidence in each other, they betray their inmost thoughts, particularly on their love affairs, on which their communications are generally exaggerated, and give false ideas of the conquests they have made. In these little anecdotes their vanity frequently alters the facts or conceals the truth; they acquire a taste for intrigue and a habit of telling lies, in order to convince their friend (for whom they no longer care than while she will listen to their tale), of their lively and passionate esteem. From what I have observed, I think it right to guard young people against forming such attachments, of which they are generally too fond.

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Devotional feelings should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind. Being fully convinced that they cannot be impressed too soon, and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea, we would endeavor to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects; with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearance of all around him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon his daily protection, though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties which his correcter reason will refine away, has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY!

No, reader, don't be in a hurry! A fortune was never made in a hurry; a reputation was never gained in a hurry; a battle was never won in a hurry! They were all accomplished by going to work systematically, but coolly. Work diligently, but don't get excited. True, some men have rashly blundered out of them as unceremoniously.

We would not have a man pass through the world at a snail-pace—that would be incompatible with this lightning age—but we would see him "make haste slowly," be his pursuit what it may. Fire at the game on the wing, or without taking deliberate aim, and ten chances to one you miss it. Some men are always in a hurry, and never accomplish anything. They never can find time to attend to political, social, or religious duties. They pass through the world in a hurry, and die, and are forgotten in a hurry. Then

'Shun all rash acts. Let moderation mark
Each enterprise in which you may embark;
And from your mind ne'er let there be effaced
The old, yet startling proverb, 'haste makes waste.'"

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YOUNG MEN TAKE HEED.—Read the confession of a convict and ponder well ere you make the first step into crime:—"Had I been early trained to truth and virtue—had one-twentieth part of the time and effort been spent upon my moral culture, that was lavished on my worldly education, I would not be the creature of guilt and passion, nor the disgraced felon that I am."

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TALL.—There's a lady in this city so high-minded that she disdains to own she has *common sense*. We think she shows the truth of it by giving utterance to the above.

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OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC.

The great struggle among nations now is, and in the future will be, for commercial supremacy. The age for the extension of empire by force of arms, is measureably past. The great and enduring conquests hereafter must be those of peace. Commerce, agriculture, manufactures and the arts, guided by enlightened government and institutions, and the all-sustaining education of the masses, are the only sureties and safeguards of national power. But pre-eminence in commerce is the chief stake played for by the nations. Already the United States ranks in commerce second to no nation on earth. England is her only rival. But other nations watch the prize, and a fierce struggle must ensue for the scepter of rule. The United States has the advantage of position, and all the elements for pre-eminence.

Between Europe and Asia the great commerce of the world lies. It has been so from time immemorial. Asia, alone, produces the rarest luxuries of the world, and in these the largest profits of commerce lie. Spices, aromatics, precious stones, porcelains, cotton, silks and teas—these are but a portion of the products of Asia. For ages she has made different nations of Europe and on her confines rich, powerful and luxurious, by the barter of her products for their gold and silver. She will soon open her hands to barter for other things than gold and silver—even for the varied products of the globe.

What nation is to win the largest prize of this Asiatic commerce which has exalted so many nations in turn? What nation has the hand, the field and the occasion for grasping the trade that made Tyre, six centuries before the Christian Era, the "Queen of Cities"—that founded Alexandria three centuries later, and gave her power and magnificence up to the fifteenth century of our era—that built up, in the earlier ages, Sidon, Balbec and Palmyra—in the "Middle Ages," Constantinople, at the time of the Crusades the wonder of Europe—still later, that made Genoa and Venice, mere cities, the match of kingdoms and the envy of kings—that made Lisbon and Portugal great in their day—that lifted Amsterdam and the seven "United Provinces" (not equal, territorially, to one of our lesser States) until they stood first in arms, first in letters, first in wealth and first in power—that has made London the commercial mistress of the world, and paved for England a path of empire to the four quarters of the globe—a match for half of Europe, and dominant in Asia!

It needs but a glance at the world's map to indicate that nation. It is the United States. She lies mid-way between Europe and Asia, in the direct path of the world's commerce. Stretching from the snows of the North to the savannas of the South, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, she fills the temperate zone of the New World. Her empire is developed on the shores of both oceans. Her government and institutions are without compeer. The intelligence and enterprise of her people are unrivaled. In arts and arms she is alike mighty—growing every day mightier—as she pours forth the current of her own increase, and draws from Europe—and Asia even—the vigor of its blood and strength. She has, too, within her bosom all the elements of self-sustenance and power, and of the most diversified and ample commerce.

But one thing is wanting—the shortest and most rapid communication between Europe and Asia. The *direct* road for their commerce lies over the heart of the United States. Already opened up from the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, it is only broken by three thousand miles of passable prairie and forest. No impregnable barriers interpose, for Nature, ever provident to coming nations, has opened passes for a World's highway through the Rocky Mountains. Only three thousand miles of path, on our own soil, is wanted to unite the Atlantic with the Pacific, and place the commerce of the globe in our hands, and the nations of the earth at our feet.

Three thousand miles of Railroad—the route easy and the material and labor at hand,—what is this compared with the Roman roads connecting the four thousand cities of the empire—a single one of those roads (so grandly built that its ruins survive the scourge of two thousand years) stretching forth from the "Wall of Antoninus," in Britain, to Rome, and from Rome to Jerusalem—four thousand miles. Or what, even, to the two great roads of the Incas, (described with wonder by Prescott and Humboldt) extending from Cuzco to Quito, and towards Chili, two thousand miles. Roads cut through mountains and spanning gorges and rivers, and built by a race ignorant of the uses of iron, without mechanical powers, with no beast of burden but the delicate llama, and guided by none of our science and civilization.

What do the enterprises at Panama, and those projected over Mexico for uniting the Atlantic to the Pacific, mean, but that the heart of the commercial world is bent on a shorter passage to Asia? This is the ultimatum. The passage of the Cape, centuries ago, was to this end a great achievement. Why is Sir John Franklin bleaching among the bergs of the frigid zone, but for England's hope to find a shorter passage for her commerce to the East? But a thousand Isthmian channels, North-West passages, or what ever other waters, can not keep from the United States the palm of commerce, if she responds to policy, interest and destiny, and builds a highway on her own soil. Over this she can distance all the world. She can hold the markets of the two hemispheres in her hands.

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PIONEERS AND LEADERS.

"Old men for counsel, and young men for war." Never was axiom juster, if the world's history be taken for the test. The blood of youth may be fiery, its tongue quick, and its heart impulsive and passionate; but more than counterbalancing all these, are its hope, its faith, its energy and endurance, which, when experience has ripened and tempered judgment and speech, still spur on to high heroic action. The pioneer men of the world—on the battle-field, in the van of colonization, in the development of art and science, and in the prosecution of the mightiest and most perilous enterprises for the world's weal—have stood on the Eastern declivity of life; have begun the march, prosecuted the endeavor, and won their most fadeless laurels, ere the noon of three-score-and-ten. was past.

Unfortunately for the peace and true glory of mankind, the land-mark men of history, the men on whom the eyes of the million have rested most admiringly, have been its chief warriors; some of them, indeed, noble as mighty; some founders of great empires, and redeemers of nations. But of the noblest and mightiest, those who began to win glory bravely past the middle of the "mortal span," are but an exception to the general rule. Hector and Achilles, Alexander and Sesostris, Hannibal and Cæsar, Washington and Napoleon, and thousands whose names have been a light and a terror, trod in young manhood the steep,

"Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

It has been so from the beginning—it will be so to the end of time. While age sits in weighty deliberation, consulting its fears and doubts, and arguing delay, youth leaps to action. "Advance!" flames for a motto on its banners, and, scorning cost and sacrifice, it strikes for the imperial goal and purple: often madly, no doubt, and to evil purpose, if not with evil intent, yet mainly with an ardor of patriotism and generosity native to its pulse and blood. Not yet made selfish by the selfishness of the world; not yet a cold scorner of "dreams and castles in the air," amid many phantoms chased with a passionate enthusiasm, it finds the track of mighty, obstinate realities—inventions, discoveries, gray old errors and burning new truths—and conquers them, bringing revolutions upon the world's ideas, and habits, and faiths, forever broadening the field in which humanity strugglingly aspires toward its ideals.

Philosophy, alone, may claim its champions from the ranks of age; but while the Platos found "Visionary Republics," and bewilder man with beautiful abstractions, the boy David is slaying the giant Philistine; the Divine child, Jesus, is confounding the doctors of law, and rejoicing the world with a practical salvation; a new, real world, with republics in its bosom, rises on the vision of the young Columbus; Galileo is deciphering the mysteries of the external heavens, and brave, buoyant youth, fired by love, chivalry and ambition, is everywhere—like the new-born Hercules—hurling down hydras and chimeras, by daring to fellowship with the new, and to penetrate the unexplored.

Youth, up to the zenith of manhood, is the true life period of nations, as well as men. Up to this point, nations, like men, grow; beyond this, they but exist and decay. Where is the Empire that has conquered or wrought most bravely beyond its prime? Where the man, save small exception, who plucked his brightest wreath from the brow of glory past his prime? It was not Egypt, nor Greece, nor Rome; not Phidias, nor Raffaelle, nor Shakespeare. Lofty, beautiful, generous achievement belongs to the young manhood of men and nations. Youth is curious, fearless, earnest. It seeks to know all, explore all, share all. It must, it can, it will! And so, while age halts, thinking of its infirmities, its aspirations centered in self, youth bounds on, spurred alike by the past and the future, and pioneers the new generations beyond the altars and ashes of the old, to higher goals and to larger triumphs.

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"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

We formerly heard a great deal from certain speakers, and read a great deal in certain papers, about "woman's rights." We say formerly, for it is a circumstance worthy of notice that, among all the convocations during the present season, not one was devoted to this "ism." But are "woman's rights" any the less recognized because of silence, for a time, having taken the place of mere clatter? We trow not.

And now for *our* opinion as to the best way for women to get their "rights:" It is to *take* them—to take them in the only way anybody should expect to do it. And that is by showing the *ability* and the *will*. One such demonstration is worth more than a score of long speeches in short dresses. Take, for example, the intellectual efforts of the female contributors to the Ledger. Why have they been appreciated by us and our million readers? When they have met the only true test—the ability to do what was wanted by the reading public—we have not stopped to consider their sex, or the abstract question of "woman's rights." We have engaged their services and paid for them, without any pretence of "disinterestedness."

So it is with all true friends of "woman's rights," whether employers or employees. They do not merely talk. They *act*. They *do* what the necessities of the times require, in the assurance that actions speak louder, and more effectively, than words.

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"The Dapple Mare" is the title of a capital poem, by John G. Saxe, which we will publish in our next issue.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TRIP TO THE CAATSKILLS.

NUMBER ONE.

Well—I've "done" the Caatskills! I've tugged up that steep mountain, one of the hottest days in which a quadruped or a biped ever perspired, packed to suffocation, with other gasping sufferers, in that crucifying institution called a stage-coach, until I became resignedly indifferent, whether it reached its destination, or rolled head over heels—or rather head over wheels—over the precipice. Landing at last, at the hotel I was concious of only one want, a bed-room; which, when obtained, was close enough, and which I shared with three other jaded mortals. The next morning, thanks to a good Providence and the landlord, I emigrated into unexceptionable quarters.

Ah—now I breathe! now I remember no more that purgatorial reeling stage-coach, and its protracted jigglings—wrigglings—joltings and bumpings. Now I am repaid—now I gaze—oh, how *can* I gaze with only one pair of eyes, on all this beauty and magnificence? This vast plain spread out so far below our feet like an immense garden, with its luxuriant foliage—its little cottages, smaller than a child's toy;—its noble river, specked with white sails, lessened by distance to a silver thread, winding through the meadows; and beyond—still other plains, other streams, other mountains—on—on—stretching far beyond the dizzy ken, till the eye fills, and the heart swells, and leaning in an exstacy of happiness on the bosom of "Our Father" we cry—"Oh—what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Now—as if the scene were too gorgeous for mortal sight, nature gently, compassionately drops a silvery veil of mist before it, veiling, yet not hiding—withdrawing, yet not removing—giving us now sunshine, now shadow; bringing out now the vivid green of a meadow, now the silver sheen of the river; now the bold outline of a pine-girdled mountain. And now—the scene changes, and fleets of clouds sail slowly—glide ghostly, round the mountain's base; winding-sheets wrapped round the shapely trees, from which they burst with a glorious resurrection; while over and above all arches the blue heavens, smiling that it canopies a scene so fair. See—village after village, like specks in the distance—where human hearts throb to human joys and sorrows; where restless ambition flutters against the barred cage of necessity, pining for the mountain-top of freedom; when, gained, oh, weary traveler, to lose its distant golden splendor, and wrap thee in the chill vapors of discontent. What matter—if thou but accept this proof of thy immortality? Yes—village after village;—farmers plodding on, as farmers too often will, turning up the soil for dollars and cents, seeing only in the clouds the filter for their crops; in the lakes the refrigerator for their fish; in the glorious trees their fuel; in the waving grass and sloping meadows, feed for their cattle; in the sweet sunrise an alarm bell to labor, in the little bird's vespers but a call to feed and sleep.

Now—twilight steals upon the mountains, calm as Heaven. The bright valleys sleep in their deepening shadows, while on the mountain-tops lingers the glory, as if loth to fade into the perfumed night. With a graceful sweep the little bird mounts to the clouds, takes his last circling flight, and sings his evening hymn, sweet and soft as the rapt soul's whispered farewell to earth. And yet—oh, God!—this is but the porch to the temple, before whose dazzling splendors even thy seraphs veil their sinless eyes.

Fanny Fern.

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THE HAPPIEST MAN.

When Socrates was asked, "which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the Gods in happiness," he answered, "that man who is in want of the fewest things."

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contraction of desire. And indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not Alexander he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labor without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavors to make it more; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him supply the absence of more.

"By virtue's precepts to control
The thirsty cravings of the soul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine."

THE "AGE OF AUTHORS."

The present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be styled, with great propriety, the Age of Authors; for perhaps there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were posting with ardor so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to those who, by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind. But in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man: and he that beats the anvil or guides the plough, not content with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen. It is thus that the truest, and highest, and best literature is to be elaborated.

AMAZONS OF THE PEN.

In former times the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was therefore rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set masculine tyranny at defiance, and asserted their claim to the region of science and the domain of letters.

THE
CONCERT SINGER'S STORY.

BY SARAH F. MANNING.

We had been talking of some noted celebrities in his line. He sat thoughtful for a moment, and then, looking up with a sudden sparkle in his eye, exclaimed—

"But you should have heard Constance!"

"And who was she?" I asked.

"Ah, I forgot. She died before you were born. It is a sad story, and yet I can tell it, if you wish."

I drew my chair nearer, and prepared to listen.

"Some thirty years ago," he said, "I was the manager of a troupe of concert singers, called by my own name. We traveled over the Union, stopping oftenest in country towns and small cities. At one of these, I was detained by the illness of my chief female singer. She left us, after a few days; and while I was at my wit's end, not knowing where to look for another, I received a note, stating that a lady, with a very powerful and highly cultivated voice, had heard of my dilemma, and wished to offer herself for the vacant place. Of course, I called on her at once.

"I was astonished when she entered the room where I was waiting for her. I can't tell what or who I expected to see, but when a little, pale, sad looking creature, almost a child, glided in and stood before me, I rose from my seat and bowed, with as much awe as if the Queen of England had been there. She was far more self-possessed than I, and making merely a business affair of it, soon turned to the piano, and began to sing. What a voice she had! Strong and powerful, yet at the same time liquid and sweet as a bird's. You may well believe I lost no time in securing her services, at a liberal salary. And then, for the first time, I saw a faint, pleased smile pass over her wan little face.

"Her first appearance was an immense success. She gave no other name than Constance, even to me, and the mystery that surrounded her, made every one curious to see her. The little, graceful figure stood alone upon the stage, at the end of the concert, with bouquets showering around her, but though she courtesied and smiled, her dark, blue eyes wandered impatiently around, as if seeking for one who was not there. I noticed this in her every evening—and when the concert was over, she would go into her dressing room, and sob and cry like a little child.

"Of course, all this mystery made us feel a deep interest in her. But she was so quiet, so dignified, and said so little to any of the troupe, save in the way of business, that we could ask her no questions.

"She had a favorite song—a pensive, touching thing, supposed to be addressed by a dying wife to a stern husband, which she was fond of singing, when alone, though never on the stage. But one night, when in the city of New York, the audience applauded her rapturously, and the cries of 'encore' were so loud, that she was forced to appear again. She did not repeat the song, however, but after a moment's pause, began that sad, though delicious strain. The audience held their breath, and as I looked cautiously through the curtain, I saw a gentleman who had just entered a side box, close beside the stage, start, and lean forward towards her. His face was pale as death, and he seemed to tremble in every limb. Suddenly she looked up—her eyes met his—she faltered, and the song died upon her lips.

"He leaped from his box, straight upon the stage, while the audience looked on, dumb with wonder.

"'Constance—is it thus I find you?' he asked, in a tone of anguish. 'Oh! my husband, you little know—' she faltered, and then he caught her in his arms—for she was just about to fall. He knelt upon the stage and held her. The audience rose, to a man, and looked on with pity and respect. She looked up in his face with a glance of unutterable love, and placed her white arms feebly round his neck. He bent to kiss her—I was kneeling by her, then, and as their lips met—I saw she died."

He paused and wiped away a tear.

"And is that all!" I asked, with breathless interest.

"All that I can tell you," he replied. "Her husband was almost broken-hearted, but never cleared up the mystery that hung around her. Her grave (I have often seen it) is in a beautiful country churchyard, but the marble monument has only that one name—'Constance'—upon it. A mystery she seemed, and such she must remain to me through life. But some day I shall hear her singing among the angels," he added quietly. "I shall know her by the sweetness of her voice—and then—all will be made plain."

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FRANKLIN'S EXAMPLE.

One of the proverbs of Solomon teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The contrary result of the opposite course of giving "railing for railing," has always proved that the proverb suggests the true policy, and demonstrated the verity of the corresponding doctrine that "like begets like." And who can recall his own experience, without assenting to the correctness of this position?

There is an anecdote of the great American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, beautifully and instructively in point: In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. It was his first appointment to office. Although as free from vain ambition as the most favored of mere mortals, he was evidently proud of the position, and desirous of retaining it. When the next election for clerk came round, a certain wealthy as well as intelligent and therefore influential member made a long speech in opposition to his re-election. As he himself tells us, in his narrative of the events, he did not resent this opposition, however unjust he may have deemed the ground and temper of it. Not he. But he determined on a very different sort of answer—one which, while it should avoid all appearances of servility or a cringing spirit, would, he felt sure, disarm an opposition whose continuance he feared. He had heard that the member referred to had, in his library, a very rare and curious volume. He wrote him a respectful and kindly note asking the favor of its perusal. The book was promptly sent. In about a week, the philosopher returned it with a second note, in which he strongly expressed his sense of obligation for the loan of it. Thereupon his opponent assumed a kindly bearing. His opposition soon ceased, and he became Franklin's warmest friend. So he remained throughout life, and he was always ready to promote him.

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The Deadest Hit.—As the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

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Life.—We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

When chivalry was the rage, men gave their names to new inventions in arms and armory. Now they court notoriety by standing godfathers in their courts, cabs, and castors; a hero whose ancestors were always spilling hot blood tries to win celebrity by inventing an Argyle for preserving hot gravy; a Pembroke immortalizes himself in a table; a Skilmersdale goes down to future ages, like an Egyptian mummy, in a chair; a Standish, surpassing the bottle-conjurer, creeps into an ink-stand to keep his memory *black* in our souls; a Stanhope expects to be handed down by harnessing his name to a gig of a peculiar construction; a Petersham, hitting upon the easiest device to prove to after ages that he wore a head, gives his title to a hat. Another noble fellow, said to have driven all the tailors into the suburbs by compelling them to live on the skirts of the town, wraps himself in the mummy-cloth of a Spenser, and secures a long fame by a short coat.

Those nine old blue-stockings, called the muses, seem to have understood all arts except that of getting husbands, unless their celibacy may be attributed to their lack of marriage-portions. Those venerable young ladies are loudly and frequently invoked by rhymers; but, like Mungo in the farce, each of them replies, the more you call, the more I can't come. A gentleman once expressed his surprise that in so rich a literary country as the United States, the muses should not attain their due honors. "Impossible!" said a whist-playing old lady, "they are *nine*, and of course cannot reckon honors."

Good or bad luck is in most cases but a synonym for good or bad judgment. The prudent, the considerate, and the circumspect seldom complain of ill-luck; but we should shrewdly suspect the discretion of the grumbler who protested that Fortune always made clubs or spades trumps when he had not a black card in his hand, and that even when he fell backwards he was sure to break his nose.

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters: truth has produced hatred; success, pride; security, danger; and familiarity, contempt. And, on the other hand, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters: for astronomy is the offspring of astrology; chemistry of alchymy; freedom, of oppression; patience, of long-suffering.

A man may be misled by the shallowest sophistry if he is determined that he *will* be. A fellow can be drowned in a kettle of water if he will lie down and keep his mouth and nose pressed resolutely against the bottom of the utensil.

A very worthy contemporary says he is "indisposed to indulge in denunciation, as hard words butter no parsnips." Most certainly we should never use hard words if we had no nobler object in view than the buttering of parsnips.

Messrs. Ray and Parr, editors of the Wetumpka Gazette, are abusing the New York Ledger. Parr, in all that pertains to decency, is below zero, and Ray is below Parr.

At the last dates from the South, two Louisianians were about to fight a duel. Both are (or *were*) skilled in the use of the pistol, and both small men—good shots and poor marks.

A Georgia editor says that the Union will not last two years longer. He talks as oracularly as if the block on his shoulders had been hewn from the timber of Dodona's grove.

A black man was sold at public auction in St. Clair county, Illinois, the other day, for fifty dollars. Many a white man in every State has sold himself privately at a smaller price.

Mr. H. Law has established a paper at Jackson, and he pledges himself that it shall always be truthful and high-toned. If he keeps his promise, we hope he will not find himself a bankrupt Law.

A few days ago a Kentucky loafer made a vow of total abstinence. He held out one week, but had to take a drop at last. He hung himself. This is a true story, though perhaps its moral isn't a good one.

A distinguished politician was hung in effigy in Alabama on the 20th ult. Up to the 30th nobody seemed disposed to cut him down. The winds of heaven were still sighing dolefully through his ribs.

A political opponent says, that, if we are not disposed to stand his abuse, we can demand satisfaction. The abuse itself is satisfaction to us.

Bulwer says that "an awkward tie of the cravat is very annoying to the wearer." No doubt it is, especially if the cravat is a hempen one.

Every man ought to have a wife. If a man is happily married, his "rib" is worth all the other bones in his body.

It is said that great minds, like pictures, are seen best at a distance. We know thousands of little persons that we like best at a distance.

Contracting a name sometimes lengthens the idea. Kean speaks of an actor, named Lancaster, whom his friends usually called Lanky "for short."

Many a man imagines every little matter that affects himself, of great importance to the world. Every rumbling of his own bowels he fancies an earthquake.

Very many men's mouths are of no earthly account except as holes to put their victuals in.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A poor family, in the upper part of the city, noted for their fondness for liquor and their stinginess, on seeing a bibacious friend approaching their door a few evenings since, hastily hid a jug of rum in the stove oven, that their visitor might not catch a sight of it. A short time only elapsed before a startling explosion took place, which quite demolished the cooking-stove, and severely injured a little child sitting near it; while in the confusion and alarm the much-prized rum passed off in flame and smoke.

The European papers give astounding accounts of the devastation wrought this season, by locusts, in the Russian part of Bessarabia. At the last advices the military commandant of the province had been ordered to take measures for their extermination, but it is doubtful if the Russian army can successfully combat such diminutive and innumerable foes. It will be like the contest between Gulliver and the Lilliputians.

Near Port Gibson, Miss., three negroes waylaid a beautiful lady named Moreland, a short time since, as she was riding on horseback to a neighbor's, dragged her from the saddle, shamefully ill-treated her, and then tied her to a tree a short distance from the roadside, where she was found several hours afterwards in a dying condition. She expired in two hours after being conveyed to her home.

Several days ago, a company of boys in Brooklyn, who had caught a large rat, got together a lot of dogs to kill it. On letting the rat out of the trap, the dogs made a rush, and in the squabble a couple of them grabbed a boy by the foot (over which the rat had just run), and bit him so severely as to occasion an attack of the lockjaw, which places his life in great danger.

At a miserable den near the Five Points House of Industry, a terrible fight occurred, a few evenings since, between a number of drunken women. One of the belligerents was thrown down and stamped upon until her breast was broken in, and her face reduced to a mass of clotted gore, before the parties could be arrested.

A new vegetable, known as the Chinese potato, has recently been introduced in this country, which yields 300 bushels to the acre. It is said to be not only palatable but medicinal, and highly remedial in all diseases of the chest. An invaluable potato for New England, where consumption is so general.

A party of boys, while sailing in the East river, a few days since, got into a fight, and a couple of them, while clinched, falling overboard, were rescued with much difficulty, inasmuch as they continued their grasp upon each other until they were hauled into the boat and forced apart.

Two persons living in Brunswick, Me., lately became insane through the influence of "spiritualism," who had been highly respectable before they became mixed up in this deluding vagary.

A child was recently born in Sing Sing which had two distinct and equally developed heads, each joined to the body by its own neck. It lived but a few moments.

A young man named Henry Blakesley, recently jumped from the fourth story window of a hotel in Chicago, while in a somnambulistic state, and was instantly killed.

It is estimated that the grain harvest of this country, this year, will be enough to feed the people of two continents.

At a recent land sale in Minnesota, two squatters got into a fight; one bit off his antagonist's nose, and the other gouged out his opponent's left eye.

A few nights since, three men were killed in this city between the hours of eleven and one o'clock.

NO HELP.

BY ALICE CARY.

There is no help for me—I know it now—
  The long employment of hope is past!
I troubled heaven unceasingly, and thou
  Wert given to crown my life with love, at last.

I thought the moon would fill her tender urn
  With softer light when thou wert come to me;
That all the larks would silently return
  From the red gate of morning, seeing thee.

And thou art here, and weariest out the day
  With honeyed kisses—more than I can name,
But while I take up thankful words to pray
  My heart is empty, aching, all the same.

There is no help my heart, ah me, ah me!
  Yet this perhaps is left, to be resigned,
And more than this, for still it rests with thee
  To *give* the good which thou didst hope to find.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE.

"Love is the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's wild fire,
Whose wishes, granted, soon expire:
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
For heaven, as for earth, can bind." SCOTT.

The house was restored to its usual condition, and the grounds, as nearly as possible, cleared from the vestiges of the late devastation; so that the surroundings of the young heiress were once more, upon the whole, orderly and pleasant. She returned to her usual employments, or occupied herself with the care of her invalid guest. And with hope mixed with fear, she hourly expected the arrival of her guardian's packet.

Willful Brande, lying on his sick couch and missing his beautiful little hostess from the room, gave himself up to wonder and speculation. His position seemed to him like that of one in a dream or in a fairy tale—cast away on a charming island, and cared for by a lovely maiden, who seemed its only white inhabitant, and, youthful as she was, "Monarch of all 'she' surveyed."

He had certainly heard of L'Orient Isle, and of the good old man who ruled it; though it was as a memory of his childhood that the story now recurred. But who, then, was this angelic girl, who seemed its queen? She knew the Headland, and had once seen his sister! Willful at last remembered! She must be the child of whom he had once heard Barbara speak, and who was now grown to womanhood. But how was it that she was left alone? Had she neither parent nor guardian, or had her guardian deserted his post? What *was* the meaning of her extraordinary position? However Willful might speculate upon these questions, one thing was certain, that the bright and beautiful young face that, like an angel of healing, had beamed over his couch of pain, charming away the fever and distress, had left an impression on his youthful heart, never to be erased.

"I have saved my life, but I have lost my peace," said the poor youth, tossing about on his couch of uneasiness. "Yes, life is saved, but peace is lost; for whatever she be, this rare beauty, this young queen, is not for Willful Brande, the poor midshipman! I must get up and get away from the dominions of this maiden Dido."

To get up was possible; but to get away at will was quite another matter. Vessels came not every day to the Isle, at the bidding of those who longed to get off.

While Willful was wondering, speculating and planning in his room above, his young hostess was hospitably engaged in preparing for his reception below. She had her own charming boudoir set in festive order; fresh flowers put in all the vases; the windows opening upon the flower-garden hoisted; the communicating doors between the boudoir and the conservatory on the right, and the aviary on the left, opened, so that the songs of birds and the fragrance of flowers were wafted through; and lastly, a luxurious chair wheeled beside a table upon which stood a vase of rich exotics, and a selection of attractive books. She sat in the pleasant window seat, with her embroidery frame in her hand, and attended by her woman Moll and her maid Peggy, upon the morning when Willful Brande, still very pale, and wearing his arm in a sling, was shown in by old Timon.

Etoile at once arose, held out her hand to welcome him, and begged him to take the chair by the table.

Timon immediately brought him a glass of wine and a cracker, which his young hostess, in her character of deputy doctor, commanded him to swallow.

Willful Brande felt at once flattered and embarrassed by these friendly attentions, which, by the way, the high-toned and fine-spirited young Islander would have lavished upon any venerable cripple with as much pleasure as upon this handsome youth.

When he had obeyed her, and swallowed the wine, and the little cut-glass service had been taken away, Etoile resumed her pleasant seat in the window, her two maids, Moll and Peggy, stood dutifully near her, engaged in knitting, and her old footman Timon waited in the hall without. More and more did the position and circumstances of this young creature impress Willful Brande as resembling the state of some petty old world princess—even in the dignified ease and self-possession with which she did the honors of her house.

An hour passed in pleasant conversation, during which Willful Brande incidentally learned that the young heiress had a guardian who was now temporarily absent. But he did not learn that guardian's name, far less the cause of his voyage from home, or his contemplated marriage with his ward.

Willful Brande felt that the more he saw of the beautiful Etoile, the more irrecoverably his heart became involved, and that the longer he should remain by her side, the more terrible would be the wrench by which he should have to tear himself away. And his resolution to escape became confirmed. Turning to his young hostess with a smile, he deferentially inquired what might be the means of leaving the Island for the nearest port.

"We have nothing but little sail boats that take our messengers to and fro, between the main land and the Isle. Any one here who wishes to go farther, is obliged to hail some passing packet to take them off," replied the young girl.

"But these packets pass frequently?"

"No, sir, not very frequently within hailing distance; not more than once a week."

The look of disappointment on the face of Willful appealed to the maiden's sympathies.

"I am truly sorry, Mr. Brande," she said, "that you should be detained here against your pleasure and convenience; but we will do all that we can to make your sojourn with us as little tedious to yourself as the circumstances will permit. The house and servants are quite at your disposal. So, also, are the horses and the boats, when you can avail yourself of them. Here are books and musical instruments, pray consider them your own."

"I am grateful from the depths of my soul for your kindness, young lady; but—I ought to be away," said Willful, with a profound sigh, which she understood to be one of regret at his own enforced stay. Believing this she replied—

"I know, of course, how tedious to one accustomed to the world, must be life on this lonely Island."

"Tedious! good heaven! yes, it is as tedious as sipping, drop by drop, some exquisite draught that one knows must finally deprive him of reason!" thought Willful, bitterly.

But she was regarding him compassionately with her clear blue eyes, and, seeing him still overcast, she added—

"You will not have to remain long in this solitude. Every day, indeed, every hour, I expect my guardian's vessel. He will bring friends with him, and then you will have company and merry-making, which will help to enliven the scene for you. And as my guardian's packet is a chartered one, she will remain over night to take us to Baltimore, whence we travel by land to New York. And as your bourne is also Baltimore, we shall be happy to have you along with us. So cheer up, wayfarer, for you shall soon be with your own."

"You are kinder than the kindest, as well as fairer than the fairest, young lady, and it is not anxiety to get away, so much as it is the necessity of going that so disturbs me."

"Is the necessity so imminent?"

WILLFUL BRANDE AND ETOILE ON THEIR WAY TO EMBARK FROM THE ISLAND.

"Yes!" exclaimed Willful, in a deep, agitated voice, that caused her to look up in surprise to his face to find his eyes fixed upon her with an expression of warm admiration. But with the air of a detected culprit Willful hastily dropped his glance and blushed to the very edges of his hair.

Etoile compassionated without understanding the occasion of his disturbance, and addressed herself more zealously to the hospitable task of entertaining her guest.

"Do you like music, Mr. Brande?"

"Excessively, if one can be said to like any good thing excessively."

"What instrument do you prefer? Look around, here is a pianoforte, a harp, guitar and lute. Name your choice."

"I like the instrument of God's workmanship, 'the human *voice* divine,'" said Willful, significantly.

"Then the guitar is the best accompaniment for that," she replied, and taking the instrument from the ready hands of her maid, who had hastened to present it, she tuned the strings and commenced—no silly love ditty such as make up nine-tenths of the sum of current musical literature—but Samuel Lever's beautiful song, "My Mother Dear"—then first published. Etoile sung with a self-forgetfulness, a passion, and a pathos seldom equaled. As the last words died on the ear, and the tones of the singer's voice trembled into silence, Willful dashed a tear from his fine, dark eye, and said,—

"It is a beautiful song."

"No—I don't know that it is beautiful; but it is my favorite," replied Etoile, in a tone of voice that still quivered with emotion.

"You loved your mother very much," said Willful, gently.

"Say—I *love* her 'very much'—above all human creatures, and only less than the Creator. And yet I never set my orphaned eyes upon my mother's face; but that is no reason why I may not remember her in my song and in my prayers."

"You never saw your mother, and yet you love her so!" exclaimed Willful in a thrilling voice.

"Ah, Mr. Brande! The sweet poet who wrote the sweetest song of home* was all his life a homeless wayfarer throughout the world! So I, who never saw the face of my mother, love best the songs that speak of a mother's love. In all my life I heard but two or three words about her. It was in my childhood, and by chance, that I heard my grandmother speak of her to my uncle. Then I only learned that she was a young thing, scarcely so old as I am now, when her proud English relations carried her off, and I was left. Then, I do not know when I received the impression, but I always had the idea that my mother had very dark eyes and black hair, and that with all perhaps *I* resembled her. And so what do you think I did this summer?"

Willful smiled and shook his head; he could not answer.

"Why, out of her supposed likeness to myself, and out of her fancied dark hair and eyes, I painted an imaginary picture of my mother. See!" said Etoile, drawing the locket from her bosom and revealing the miniature to her companion.

Willful took it, looked upon it and started,—a tide of emotion swept through his frame.

It was the counterfeit resemblance of Estelle herself. He knew the history of the beautiful English lady who had been his sister's tenant. A crowd of coincidences rushed upon his memory and confirmed the suspicions that had flashed into his mind. But discretion held him, as yet, silent upon the subject of this possible discovery.

He raised his eyes to the face of the young girl.

"You say, Miss L'Orient, that this is only a fancy sketch?"

"Oh, no! not exactly so. It is painted from a strong impression on my mind. The outward expression of an inward belief."

"You *must*, in your unconscious infancy, have seen some face or portrait that made this impression upon your mind, even though you may have forgotten the circumstance."

"No! I think not—one cannot be sure; but why do you imagine such a thing?"

"Why," said Willful, evasively, "such *impressions* are usually unconscious recollections."

Feeling now that she had said perhaps too much of her own affairs, Etoile became silent. And Willful formed the secret determination to say nothing of the discovery he had made, until he should first consult his sister Barbara.

Three more days passed, and yet no news of the expected packet. And now to the stormy weather had succeeded a calm so profound as to leave no reasonable hope of soon seeing a sail.

Etoile exerted herself, all but too successfully, to console her guest for his "unwilling" detention. She introduced him to her birds, to her exotics, to all her best books,—she rambled with him over the Island, showing him all her favorite haunts; she sailed with him around the shore, and challenged him, as soon as his arm should get well, to a gallop around the race-course. And despite her anxiety to hear of or to see her guardian, never had Etoile been so gay, so buoyant and so happy, as now that she enjoyed for the first time the society of a companion near her own age.

Day by day the acquaintance between the youth and maiden thus strangely thrown together, thus isolated from all the world and dependent solely upon each other for conversation and amusement, progressed towards friendship on one side, and passionate love on the other.

Day by day, when walking by her side; glancing stealthily at her beautiful face; listening to her sweet voice; feeling the fascination of her gentle manners—Willful Brande felt his honorable resolution of silence giving way. Still, as yet, he steadfastly restrained himself.

"I am not her equal in wealth and station. I will not take advantage of my present position to breathe one word of love in her defenceless young ear—no, not if my heart were to break!" said Willful to himself. But each succeeding day he found it harder to keep this resolution.

As for Etoile, she felt her innocent affections so drawn out by the youth who had been cast upon her Isle and who was now her daily associate, that she began to dread the coming of the hour that should take him from her sight. And this was all natural, probable, inevitable! Besides her old uncle and her middle-aged guardian, Willful Brande was the only white man she had ever seen. Willful was young, amiable and eminently handsome, his manly beauty of form and features was enhanced by a frank, ardent and intellectual expression of countenance that ever won the confidence, esteem and friendship of all appreciating persons among whom he might be thrown.

And Etoile's innocent regard for her guest was testified in a thousend graceful kindnesses, each of which nearly threw her young lover off his guard and cast him at her feet.

But Willful Brande was the very soul of honor.

"I must govern my feelings! I must not abuse hospitality! I must wait until her guardian shall return and she shall be fully under his protection, and then, perhaps!"—he exclaimed, giving wings to his youthful imagination. Meanwhile he no longer desired to escape from the Island; and for Etoile, as I said, she dreaded the hour of his departure.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ATTEMPTED FLIGHT OF ETOILE.

"—— Quick, boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give you a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." CAMPBELL.

One afternoon the youth and maiden were seated on the rude bench down on the beach, near the usual landing, watching the almost motionless surface of the water.

"Do you think that this calm can continue long, Mr. Brande?" inquired Etoile.

"I suppose not—though it may break up in another storm," replied Willful, gravely.

"Now, may the Lord in his mercy forbid!" exclaimed Etoile, fervently clasping her hands.

"So pray I! I never see a storm arise without a sickening of the soul,—not for dread of what is coming, but in memory of what has gone! The sea has been very fatal to my race, Miss L'Orient!"

"Ah! has it been so?"—murmured the maiden, raising her eyes, full of sympathy, to his face. "I hope it was only vessels and cargoes, and not any near relative or dear friend that you lost!"

"My father, my two elder brothers, and my brother-in-law, all went down together in their lost vessel," said the young man sorrowfully.

"Ah, what a calamity! I can deeply feel for you, Mr. Brande," she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, as she lifted her tearful, blue eyes again to his troubled face—"I can deeply feel with you, for I, too, have been a sufferer by the sea!"

"You are all sympathy and benevolence, dear young lady! And *you* a sufferer by the sea? I grieve to hear that. But I hope you have not suffered so deeply as myself?"

"I lost my father and my grandmother. But it is true that I did not feel the loss so deeply as I ought to have done, perhaps, for I had never seen my father, and had lost sight of my grandmother for years before they died."

Willful recollected now, that Monsieur and Madame L'Orient had been lost on the Mercury. He scarcely knew what reply to make to the earnest hearted girl beside him. He knew perfectly well that the loss of her father was anything but a misfortune to her, still it would never do to tell her so, nor yet would it be honest to express a condolence, not felt, upon this subject. He contented himself with respectfully pressing her hand, and saying—

"Yes—I remember now—they were passengers on the same vessel, the Mercury, in which my father, my brothers, and my poor sister's betrothed, Julius Luxmore, went down."

"JULIUS LUXMORE!" exclaimed the maiden, in amazement.

"Yes, young lady! why should that name cast you in such a state of consternation? I beg your pardon."

"Why Julius Luxmore was not lost! he was saved!"

"Good heaven! I had even heard such a rumor; but never believed it! and never breathed it to Barbara!" thought Willful to himself. Then aloud he inquired—

"Will you forgive the question and tell me—are you certain of the truth of that which you have just announced, young lady?"

"Assuredly! Mr. Luxmore was saved from the wreck of the Mercury. He brought us the news of the death of my father and grandmother. He brought us also such of my father's effects as were picked up on the sand bank. And above all he brought a will which constituted him guardian of my father's heiress."

"Yourself?"

"Certainly! And from that time to this, excepting the three winter months of last year, Mr. Luxmore has lived exclusively with us."

"Great Heaven! what perfidy!" exclaimed Willful Brande, in his heart; but from respect to his young hostess, his lips were silent.

She continued—

"Since the decease of my dear uncle, Mr. Luxmore has been my sole guardian and protector, as he will soon be my——" She started, blushed, reflected an instant, and then in a low and thrilling voice inquired—

"What was that you said about Mr. Luxmore being the betrothed husband of your sister?"

"My honored young hostess, I spoke indiscreetly; pray pardon me," said Willful, in a troubled tone.

"Mr. Brande, do *you* pardon my persistence and tell me, in plain terms, whether or not, Julius Luxmore was affianced to your sister."

"My dearest Miss L'Orient, Mr. Luxmore is your legal guardian. Let us talk no more of him."

"Mr. Brande! I have the most important, the most vital interest in the question that I have put to you—I do beseech you answer it."

"Young lady,——" began Willful, in a voice of distress that was quickly interrupted by Etoile, who clasping her hands and raising her eyes in the earnestness of her entreaty, said—

"Mr. Brande, I must tell you all! Mr. Luxmore, my guardian, has taught me to believe that I am his destined bride; and he has promised me that when we are married, and not until then, he will take me into the world and present me to my dear mother's relations. Now, not to see this world—nor even to possess ten thousand such worlds, would I marry a man who has broken faith with another woman, for it would be a fearful sin, invoking the judgment of God upon my head! Therefore, if this man, who seeks my hand, was the betrothed of Barbara Brande, tell me, and save me from the sin and sorrow of wedding him!"

Wilful Brande was agitated. His strong impulse was to say to her at once—

"Yes—the base traitor! he broke faith with Barbara! he deceived and deserted her at her utmost need;" but a high, chivalrous magnanimity held him silent. He said to himself—"It may be that she loves him; and that he may yet grow worthy of such love—if so, though my heart should burst, I will refrain from saying anything to destroy her confidence in him."

"You do not speak, Mr. Brande! Oh, answer me!"

"Miss L'Orient!" exclaimed the young man taking her hand, and speaking with the deepest respect—"forgive the question that I am about to ask you and answer it, as true soul to soul: you say that you are contracted in marriage to your guardian—do you love him?"

"Indeed, I do not know! I *tried* to like him, because I always thought it was my duty to do so; but if I find he has been a recreant to another love, I am sure I shall utterly cease to esteem him. Therefore—I adjure you by your honor to inform me—was Julius Luxmore the betrothed husband of Barbara Brande?"

"Miss L'Orient, thus adjured, I have no choice but to reply—yes! Julius Luxmore *was* the betrothed husband of Barbara Brande, with whom, without just cause, he broke faith!"

Etoile was gazing intently into his face as though she would read his soul. She saw in his frank, serious, earnest countenance, his perfect truthfulness. She felt and knew what he said to be a fact; many little circumstances, heretofore inexplicable, now easily to be understood, recurred to her memory in corroboration of his statement; her instinct, hitherto repressed as injustice, was now explained and justified. But the young Etoile possessed the excellent faculty of self-control. No exclamation of astonishment or loathing escaped her lips. Only with her serious eyes still questioning Willful's countenance, in a low voice, she further inquired—

"But why should he have abandoned his betrothed? She was such a noble girl! one of nature's queens! I saw her once, you know, before ever trouble came to her, a Boadicea she looked! a royally beautiful amazon! Why should he have abandoned her?"

"For the prospect of a higher prize, no doubt, young lady."

"Tell me all you know of this man, Mr. Brande."

"Miss L'Orient I will! And do you pardon me for the pain that I may give you in the recital."

Etoile folded her hands together and listened intently while Willful Brande related the story of Julius, from the time of his adoption by Captain Brande to that of his betrothal to Barbara. He concluded by exposing the evident fraud, by which Luxmore had succeeded in creating the false impression of his own death.

Etoile listened, struggling to remain calm and self-possessed; but the trouble of her heart revealed itself in the disturbance of her countenance. True, as the reader knows, Etoile had never truly loved, and never thoroughly esteemed Julius Luxmore, still it was terrible to discover in one who had so long been her companion, teacher, and confidant, such utter unworthiness.

"Oh! it was base, it was wicked, it was atrocious, to have abandoned his betrothed, the orphan daughter of his friend, in the hour of her bitterest need, even augmenting her anguish by laying upon her heart the grief of his supposed death! Oh, it was heinous! There can scarcely be pardon or redemption for a soul like that—God have mercy on him!" cried Etoile, bursting into tears and dropping her face upon her hands.

"I said that I should pain you—pray forgive me!" pleaded Willful.

"There is nothing to forgive; but much to thank you for," said Etoile, wiping her eyes, and holding out her hand.

The youth respectfully pressed the little hand and resigned it. And both were silent for some minutes during which Etoile looked deeply thoughtful. At last the maiden spoke:—

"Mr. Brande, you are older than I am, and you know so much more of the world, that you can counsel me in this strait."

"Young hostess, I would to heaven I had the experience and wisdom to advise you, since you have no wiser friend. But it may be God will bless an honest intention, and put good counsel in my mouth. Say on, Miss L'Orient."

"I will tell you, first of all, what I know of my own story, which may aid you in judging what is best to be done."

"Speak, young lady; I listen."

Etoile, after a pause of thoughtful self-recollection, commenced and related, with conscientious exactness, the short story of her young life.

Willful listened with the profoundest interest, and, during the progress of her narrative, became fully confirmed in his impression that this Island maiden was really the lost child of the beautiful Estelle. Still, discretion held him silent upon this point; because, for all that he knew to the contrary, that lovely lady might now be numbered with the dead; and not for the world would he raise hopes in the breast of her daughter, that might end in disappointment. He resolved, that before hinting to Etoile the discovery he had made, he would consult Barbara.

"You do not speak, Mr. Brande," she said.

"It is because your story has so deeply interested me. But name the point upon which you wished my humble counsel, Miss L'Orient."

"It is this—and oh, even while I speak, my heart shudders with the fear that there may not be time to carry out my plan! I shall not marry Mr. Luxmore—will not! cannot! Do you hear? Nevertheless, see! a wind has sprung up from the north, and every hour from this time we may look to see his sail bearing down upon the Island. He will come with the lawyer, the clergyman and the license, to claim my hand and carry me away."

"Miss L'Orient, fear nothing. No power on earth can compel you to give him your hand."

"Oh, I know that!" replied Etoile, proudly; "simply because though all the forces of earth were brought to bear upon me, I would refuse, and meet the consequences."

"There shall no evil happen to you, so help me Heaven! I am by your side," exclaimed Willful, in a rush of enthusiasm, that seemed to give him the strength of a lion, or rather of a host.

"You are brave and faithful, I do not doubt. But my guardian is armed with legal powers over my person and my fate that, believe me, I feel sure he would not scruple to use to the utmost, to gain his purposes."

"True—good Heaven!"

"Therefore, you see, I must escape from the Island. My resolution is formed," said the maiden, who, woman-like, had first made up her mind, and then asked advice. Willful saw that she had unconsciously taken this initiative course, and before offering any advice, he wished to know her own thoughts.

"Escape? but how, whither, under what protection? Speak, Miss L'Orient, for I am at your utmost disposal."

"I have money, boats, and servants. I propose to lade a boat, and go to Heathville, attended by two servants, and escorted by yourself, if you are so good. At Heathville, we can get some conveyance to New-York, where you can put me in the care of my faithful Maman, Madeleine."

Her plan betrayed such simple ignorance of life, that Willful Brande listened in amazement.

Nothing now could be easier than to run away with and marry this beautiful and wealthy heiress, whom, besides, he worshiped with all the ardor of a young heart's first and passionate love. And nine out of ten, placed in such circumstances, would have yielded to the temptation of which he certainly felt the force.

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*John Howard Paine.

But Willful Brande was, as I have said, the soul of honor; not for a kingdom—not even for his loved one—would he stain his manhood with a single unworthy act. He remained silent and thoughtful, not knowing how, with sufficient delicacy, to convey to her the knowledge that her plan was inadmissible.

"You do not answer me, Mr. Brande," she said.

"Young lady, because I do not know how to explain to one so inexperienced, that the proposed plan, if carried out, would expose you to much censure."

"But why?" inquired the maiden, in much amazement.

"Because a young man, unless he is a near relative, is not considered a proper escort in a long journey for a young lady. Besides, it would be almost impossible in the wilderness of New-York City to find your nurse Madeleine, nor even if found would she, only a mulatto servant, however good and faithful, be considered a proper protector for a young lady," replied Willful, with a deep sigh, for the temptation was overcome, but the prize was lost.

"Then what *shall* I do to escape this impending danger? You see, now, how necessary your counsel is to me."

"Heaven save the poor maiden who has no wiser counsellor than the youth who loves her," thought Willful to himself.

"Well, Mr. Brande, well, can you advise me what to do?"

"Have you no friends or acquaintance upon the mainland in whom you could place confidence?"

"Oh, no! none but old Doctor Crampton, who lives at Heathville, with his two old maiden sisters."

"The very man, if he would only be friendly to you. He looks honest and courageous."

"Oh, he *is* honest and brave! I have known him a long time—I never had a doubt of him," said Etoile, warmly.

"And do you think he would befriend you against your guardian?"

"Yes, if his conscience were satisfied, for he loves me as his own child."

"And how far is Heathville from this place?"

"Before this wind, about two hours sail."

"Then your course is clear, Miss L'Orient. Order your boat to be prepared. While it is being got ready, pack up such necessary articles, or such valuables, as you may wish to carry with you, take your servants, Moll and Timon, to attend you, and I will myself escort you in safety and honor to the house of your old friend the physician, to whom you will tell your story, and under whose protection you can appeal from your guardian's authority to the orphan's court."

"There will be no impropriety in that, of course?"

"Not the slightest—else I had not proposed it."

"And you, what will you do?" inquired the maiden, with interest.

"After having seen you in honor and safety under the protection of friends, I shall go on my way to Baltimore," replied the young man, smothering the sigh that arose in his bosom.

"And—when shall I see you again?" inquired the young girl, in a tremulous tone.

"Would you care ever to see me more?" asked Willful, in a voice full of deep emotion.

"Indeed I should! And I wish to know before we separate when I shall see you again, so that I may have the joy of looking forward to that time."

"When the Lord and yourself wills," replied Willful, earnestly.

"If it depended upon my will it should be very soon," she said, gently.

"But in the meantime, if your friends approve, I would like to write to you, Miss L'Orient."

"Why, of course my friends will approve, why should they not?" she artlessly inquired.

Willful smiled sadly, shook his head, and instead of replying directly to the question, said:—

"Delays are dangerous, Miss L'Orient."

"Oh! I know they are! especially in this instance, when any hour may bring my guardian's sail in sight. I will go now and pack up. Will you do me the favor to order the boat?"

Willful nodded in obedience, and Etoile hurried away.

Great was the astonishment of the Island servants when they learned that their young lady, who had never before left her insular home, was now about to take a trip to Heathville, to see old Doctor Crampton and his maiden sisters. For the latent object of the visit was of course withheld from their knowledge. They settled it among themselves that the old physician, when last at the Island, must have given the invitation, and after their first surprise was over, they declared that it was natural and right for their young lady to have this recreation.

"But what shall we say to Marse Julius, if he should come 'fore you get back, Miss Etwill?" inquired one of the old men.

"Tell him where I have gone—that is all," answered the maiden. "Once in sanctuary there, I have no cause to fear him," she mentally added.

It was with a deeply agitated mind and a wildly beating heart that Etoile, attended by Willful Brande, and followed by her two faithful servants, took her way down to the boat that waited to bear her from the only home she had ever known, to those untrodden shores she had so ardently desired to reach.

When about half way down the lowest avenue leading from the house to the landing, she met a little negro boy running towards her with the joyful countenance of one who thinks he brings glad tidings.

"Oh! Miss Etwill," said the lad, "the packet has just come to anchor out there, an' Marse Julius an' some gemmen are in the long-boat, rowin' to the shore."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Etoile, clasping her hands.

"Fear nothing, young lady," said Willful.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RIVALS.

"The hand of Douglass is his own!
And never shall in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." SCOTT.

A boat was pushed up on the sands, and a party consisting of Julius Luxmore and two gentlemen landed, and advanced up the avenue towards the spot where Etoile and Willful remained awaiting them. Mr. Luxmore started and frowned at beholding a strange youth standing by the side of his jealously-guarded ward; but in a moment he regained his composure and concealed his annoyance. Meeting the young pair he bowed to both at once; then greeted his young charge by name and presented to her, in turn, the Reverend Doctor Goode and Mr. Attorney Bonde.

The maiden, who had remained standing pale and firm, awaiting this rencounter, responded to these introductions only by cold bows.

Then Mr. Luxmore said, in a low and courteous voice, free from any sign of the vexation he really felt, and speaking as though recalling his ward to a sense of propriety—

"Present your guest, my dear Etoile."

But before the young lady could comply, Willful Brande stepped forward somewhat boldly, and said—

"It appears that you have forgotten your old captain's son, Mr. Luxmore?"

Luxmore started and changed color; but instantaneously recovering his presence of mind, he exclaimed—

"Truly, my young friend, I had not at first recognized you; but, then, so many years have elapsed since we met. How are you, Mr. Brande?" and offered his hand.

But Willful drew his tall form up to its fullest height, folded his arms, and fixed a glance full of scorn steadily upon the face of the recreant.

"Why, will you not take my offered hand, Willful?" inquired Luxmore, forcing a smile.

"No, SIR! I take the hand of no traitor."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" exclaimed Luxmore, growing white about the lips.

"Shall I explain, sir? I am quite ready to do so!" retorted Willful, scornfully.

"Oh, I do not doubt that you would force a quarrel upon me here, in the presence of a lady and a clergyman; but *I* have more respect for such company; another time, sir! another time!" replied the detected villain, seizing the sole pretext that presented itself for the postponement of the exposure.

"As you will," said Willful Brande, his lip curling.

"Gentlemen, move forward to the house, if you please. Etoile, my dear, take my arm. Good afternoon, Mr. Brande," said Luxmore, with the air of dismissing Willful.

But Etoile shrank from the traitor's offered arm, and merging the bashfulness of the girl in the dignity of the lady hostess, she went around to her guest, and with a stately courtesy said—

"Mr. Brande, will it please you to return to the house?"

Willful started, bowed and smiled acceptance of her invitation. He then, with an air of deep respect, offered his arm. But Etoile, with her nice sense of propriety, with a gracious smile and shake of the head, declined the proffered assistance, and walked on singly.

Mr. Luxmore came to her side, and in a low, stern voice, inaudible to other ears, inquired—

"Miss L'Orient, what is the meaning of this conduct?"

"It means, Mr. Luxmore, that before this affair proceeds farther, you and myself must have a serious conversation," replied the young girl, in no degree daunted by the frowns of the unmasked perjurer, but solicitous to preserve, before strangers, the proprieties of peace.

"Ah! I see how it is! but do not think to escape me! An hour hence decides our destiny!" muttered Luxmore, as he left her side and drew near to his guests, the clergyman and the lawyer.

They soon now reached the house. Mr. Luxmore and his friends passed into the drawing-room.

Willful Brande, feeling the awkwardness of his position, yet determined not to desert the cause of the friendless girl, threw himself on the wicker settee in the hall.

Etoile went into her own boudoir, and sat down to collect her thoughts, and nerve herself for the coming altercation with her guardian. She had not long remained alone before the door opened, and old Moll entered, bearing a large but light band-box, which she sat upon a table and opened, and from which she drew forth a splendid bridal dress and veil.

"Come, Miss Etwill, honey, better make haste an' 'ray yourself 'cause Marse Julius whispered to me, how, de passon and the lawyer wer a waitin', an' how he hisse'f wanted to get off from here 'fore night wid de tide."

"Go and tell Mr. Luxmore that I wish to see him here immediately, and do you also return and remain within the sound of my voice."

The old woman obeyed, and almost immediately afterwards, Mr. Luxmore entered—his fair face pallid, his hazel eyes glittering with excitement. He saw at a glance—by the compressed lips, steady eyes and stern brow of Etoile that his power over her was in a great measure gone—that he would never more influence her through her love, however he might through her *fears*. He did not understand that the only manner in which that young creature could be governed, was through her affections or through her conscience.

Burying all these misgivings in the depths of his secretive and guileful heart, however, he resolved to take a daring course, ignoring any change, and addressing her, as though nothing had happened to peril their friendship. He advanced holding out his hand and saying with an affectation of joyous confidence—

"Well, my fair bride, what is your sweet capricious will with me?"

"Stand back, sir!" exclaimed Etoile, recoiling and holding up her hand in deprecation of his further advance.

"What the demon do you mean by this, Miss L'Orient?" he exclaimed, simulating astonishment and honest indignation.

"I wonder, sir, that the presence of Willful Brande on this Island does not of itself explain my meaning!" said Etoile, with dignity.

"True, by all the cupids!" cried Luxmore, with a sardonic laugh; "during my absence to arrange the preliminaries of our marriage, a beardless boy gets himself shipwrecked on the Island, and that circumstance suffices to cause you to meet with scorn one who comes by agreement to claim your promised hand."

"Yes, Mr. Luxmore, and why?—Because it falls out in conversation that ere you offered to my acceptance a perjured heart, you basely broke faith with one of the noblest creatures that ever trod this earth—one to whom not only the ties of affection but of plighted faith, and of gratitude, should have bound you through life and unto death—your patron's daughter, Barbara Brande! You broke faith with her under circumstances that so deepen and darken the heinousness of your perjury as to render it unparalleled in the annals of treachery! And, in one word, Mr. Luxmore, before I would give my hand in marriage to such a traitor, I would thrust it into the fire and hold it there until it should be consumed to ashes!" said the maiden, with the unflinching firmness of a Mucius Scævola.

The suddenness and the severity of this retort so astounded Julius Luxmore that for a moment he stood staring the image of consternation. When volition returned it came borne on a tide of diabolical fury. He grew livid in the face, his eyes started, his lips foamed, his form was convulsed; he strode towards her with his arm outstretched and his fist clenched, exclaiming in the low, deep muttering, murderous tone of indomitable will and remorseless wickedness—

"Young woman! do you know that soul, body, and estate, you are mine, mine only, mine utterly—my slave, my property, my chattel; do you know, that as your sole guardian, and the disposer of your person and property, I have the power to imprison, chastise, or otherwise coerce you to my will? Answer me, minion, do you know this?"

The young creature drew her slight form up with queenly dignity and regarded the man before her with a look of such ineffable scorn, that, infuriate as he was, he blenched beneath her gaze. Then—when he had quailed, she answered slowly—

"Mr. Luxmore, I know not how far your powers as legal guardian may permit you to go, nor how remorselessly you may use them, nor how much beyond their rightful limit you may stretch them. BUT THIS I DO KNOW," she said, and her slight form arose and dilated and her eyes blazed—"that neither man on earth, nor demon in Hades, has power to compel me to become your wife! And why? Because sooner would I give my body to be burned!"

"Ho! my girl! I can reduce your pride!" he exclaimed, striding towards her, with uplifted hands, as though to clutch her.

"Hold off! My attendants wait within call!" she said recoiling and holding up her hand.

"Ho, ho! verily my little girl must think herself a princess!" exclaimed Julius Luxmore, with sarcastic malignity.

"Truly, I have so long lived under that illusion that I cannot all at once dispel its influence! And thus much of queenship remains to me at least, sir, that in a strait my servants would support their legitimate mistress against her false and grasping guardian!" said Etoile, in calm dignity.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the traitor, in malicious derision. "I would have you to know young Madam, that my position is a legal one, and that any resistance on the part of yourself or your servants would expose you to the punishment I should deem it proper to inflict, and them to the utmost penalties of the law—even to death!"

"Etoile, at this threat of ruin, to her people, changed color, but after a moment answered calmly—

"I will not then expose my devoted servants to your remorseless vengeance, Julius Luxmore; but as regards myself, your threats are unavailing; do your utmost will, you will find me immovable. No sir! the prize that you have perjured your soul and broken a heart to gain has escaped you!"

With a face that had not yet regained its natural color, a face of white death, but for the ferocity of those burning, brown eyes, he glared upon her a moment, and then turning, walked with rapid strides up and down the floor. He could have cursed the sudden passion that had deprived him of his presence of mind, and betrayed him to the exhibition of the very worst phase of his very bad nature. "Why the fiend! could I not have controlled my temper! I might have wrought upon her feelings, through habit, through affection, through gratitude, through pity. I might even have beaten down this young man's testimony, and secured her to myself! and then! and then! But now——" he thought, grinding his teeth in rage —— "And yet it may not be too late! I may yet impress her with the belief that all my rage arose from baffled *love of her*, and if she is woman, she will forgive it!" he reflected. All at once, with his great power of simulation, he changed his expression of countenance, from rage and hatred to passionate love and despair, and burying his face in his hands, walked up and down, groaning in heart broken tones—"Etoile! Oh, Etoile!"

But the young lady paid no attention to his change of mood. Mindful, amid all her distress, of her duties as hostess, she touched her bell, and when her aged attendant opened the door, she said—

"Aunt Moll, go and give orders in the kitchen, that supper be prepared for these strangers, and afterwards do you see to the guest chambers in case they should remain all night."

And when the old dame withdrew to obey, Etoile took her needle-work, and went and sat in her favorite shaded window seat, to pursue her work.

"Oh, Etoile! my Etoile!" moaned Luxmore, with his face buried in his hands, as he strode to and fro.

She bestowed not the slightest notice upon his raving, but quietly continued her sewing. Suddenly he broke off from his walk, and threw himself down beside her, and attempted to seize her hand. She shrank in abhorrence from him. He did not pursue the point, but, breaking forth in a simulation of vehement passion, exclaimed—

"Oh, Etoile, Etoile, you are angry, outraged, and it is natural that you should feel thus towards me! I was mad, phrenzied, to have used such language towards you, my love, my bride, my queen! But oh, child! child! you do not understand the impassioned heart of man! how his love betrayed, wounded and repulsed, turns to madness, instigating him to say and do things at other times abhorrent to his soul! He may become a brute, and rage as I have raged to you, or a fool, to fill some lunatic's cell, or a homicide, and slay his false love! I would not hurt one golden ringlet of your beautiful head—and yet, see how you have maddened me!"

Etoile threaded her needle afresh, and quietly pursued her work.

"Oh, Etoile! Etoile! how can you go on calmly with such trifles, when you behold my agony?"

"How could *you* go on calmly with your lustrum of falsehood, and leave that bereaved and broken-hearted girl to struggle through her hard life alone?" retorted the maiden, with the color flushing for an instant to her cheek.

"Oh, Etoile, my child! be not so cruel! Look in my face!"

"I cannot see it for the face of Barbara Brande, that is ever before me in her long years of faithful maiden widowhood!"

"Etoile! Etoile! you will drive me mad! pursue me to desperation! arm my hand against—not you, beloved and beautiful one; forgive me, that in my extremity of phrenzy, I ever said a thing so atrocious—but against my own wretched life!"

Even this raving failed to produce the least effect upon the young lady, who went on composedly with her work.

"Behold how you treat me! I who have loved you above all earthly things, from your infancy up! I who watched over your culture——"

"My *intellectual* culture only. The Lord pity me if you had the direction of my *moral* training. For all this, Mr. Luxmore, I am just as grateful as I should be to a guardian who educated his ward, an heiress, for his own pride, pleasure and benefit, and with the view of her eventually becoming his own wife!" said the maiden, with cool contempt.

"But it was because I loved you! I loved you, my Etoile, above all created beings!"

"Aye! you loved me so well that you confined me closely to this Island, where I panted like a caged bird for freedom, and where you made my marriage with yourself the only condition of my liberation!"

"Well! yes! little as you understand it, child, that which you have spoken in irony was indeed true! I love you, my inestimable treasure, so exclusively, that I cannot endure that the covetous eyes of another should rest upon you. Yet, once mine irrevocably, I shall take you all over the world—I shall devote my life to the sweet task of making you happy! But, how do you repay my love? Oh! Etoile, how do you repay it? I go away to prepare for our marriage; I make all proper arrangements; I lay the whole city under contribution for your pleasure; I fill my vessel with its costliest treasures for my Etoile; I set sail for home; storms endanger my vessel, and calms delay her; yet, at last, I reach the house of my love; 'all on fire with joy' I rush to meet you; and how am I received? With coldness, frowns and scorn! And all because a stranger youth is wrecked upon your shoals, and fills your ear with a tale of scandal, to which you give a ready credulity, and upon which, without proof on his side or defence on mine, you condemn me!"

"I must answer that! He filled my ear with no tale of scandal! Even could he have done so I would not have believed it! The truth came out too naturally, too providentially, to have it mistaken for falsehood! We both happened to speak of you—he as his dear brother-in law, wrecked from the Mercury. I, as my esteemed guardian, saved from the Mercury. But when we approached the subject—like two clouds charged with electricity—the truth, as lightning, flashed forth broad and bright! There was no mistaking it. Nor was that truth unsupported by proof—a score of circumstances, trifling singly, overwhelming in the mass—started up in my memory to corroborate the testimony! and my own purest and profoundest instincts—long felt and long repressed—arose to confirm it? For yourself, though your case appears to me to be indefensible, yet I am ready to hear what you have to say in its defence!"

Julius Luxmore was specious and plausible; he raised his eyes to her face and said with an unctuous earnestness—

"My Etoile, the subject of my defence is scarcely fit for your delicate hearing. My passion for the beautiful Barbara was a mere boyish flame that must soon have vainly burned out. But there existed certain imminent reasons why the family of Miss Brande should earnestly desire her early marriage; thence they took advantage of my childish predilection; they imposed upon my inexperience; in a word, they entrapped me into an engagement with this fallen goddess; and doubtlessly I should have suffered myself to be finally and fatally victimized, had I not been so *fortunate* as to be wrecked from her father's vessel, the Mercury, and to find myself rescued and invested with the sole guardianship of an orphan heiress whom it was my bounden duty to seek and cherish. Etoile, I sought and found you, the one angel of my life whom I have loved with a constantly increasing strength from the first moment of our meeting to the present day. Etoile, this is my defence!"

To all this Etoile replied—

"Were it possible, Mr. Luxmore, for me to think worse of you than I thought an hour ago, your defence must have produced the effect of making me do so. When I listen to you, I am led to believe that an evil heart must cloud a man's brain, so that he has not intellectual power sufficient to deceive any save those whose perceptive faculties may be also obscured from the same cause. Besides, Mr. Luxmore, your mask fell quite off during the 'short madness' to which you so lately succumbed!"

The simplicity of her character, upon which Julius Luxmore had so long practised, upon which he had so long relied for the accomplishment of his ends, was now turned against him; and the honest verdict of her upright mind was delivered with a freedom, plainness and directness, that none but a creature so unconventional might have had, under such circumstances, the courage to exercise.

Julius Luxmore, more self-controlled than at first, paused some time to reflect upon the manner in which he should proceed. Then he renewed the attack. Persuasion, arguments, threats were used in turn, and used in vain. Her affections, her reason, and her fears were successively and fruitlessly appealed to. Two hours were spent in a discussion that it would be tedious here to repeat, as, after all, it embodied what had been said before.

At last, finding all his efforts to move her to his purposes unavailing, Julius Luxmore once more lost his presence of mind, and approaching her, exclaimed, in the deep tone of concentrated rage—

"Very well, minion! You who despise my love shall feel my power!"

"Mr. Luxmore, I almost pity you, that you should be so weak as to suppose that you can intimidate me!" replied the brave girl, calmly.

"Do you deny my authority?" he demanded in a voice of fury.

"I intend to appeal from you, who have abused your sacred trust, to the Orphan's Court for protection!" she answered quietly!

"You do! ha! ha! ha! Why, minion, you are a prisoner! You shall not stir beyond this room until you cross its threshold as my wife."

"In that case I should remain here until my mortal frame returned to dust. But you are mistaken, Mr. Luxmore; I shall appeal for a hearing before the Orphan's Court through a friend who has been made acquainted with all my wrongs!"

"Aye! that—that—*miscreant*, Willful Brande!" exclaimed Luxmore, in a voice interrupted and almost inarticulate with rage.

"No, sir; but through an aged gentleman to whom Mr. Brande shall go," replied Etoile, clipping her thread, and quietly folding up her finished work.

"He shall! but in the meantime there will be delay, during which you will be in my power—and then! then in this meantime!——"

——"I will trust in God, desperate sinner! and no evil shall befall me!" said Etoile, rising to leave the room. But quick as lightning, Julius Luxmore intercepted and passed her, went out and turned the key upon his prisoner.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

SAVING FOR THE LORD.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

"Yes, brother Samuel, it is our duty to make all we can, or to save all we can, for the Lord. *That's* what we are aiming at all the time."

"Oh! you are! are you! Well, that is a worthy aim. You are certainly to be commended."

"Oh! no—we are only doing our duty," replied that pious soul, with a sideway cant of the head, and a devoted up-turning of the eyes. A gentle, religious sigh heaved the breast, while a look of perfect sanctification—or, of intense spiritual *satisfaction*—overspread the features. "Oh! no—we are only doing our duty. Do you know where we can put out money so that it will bring a good interest, brother Samuel?"

"Well, I should think that *two per cent. a month* was *about* as well as you could expect to do—I believe *that* is the rate at which you have been letting money—isn't it?"

"Yes—we are getting that now"—a deeper shade of satisfaction settled upon that worldly face.

"Well, I should hate to hire the Lord's money if *that's* the rate at which he lets it," spoke up a saucy youngster, who ought to have been awed into respectful silence by so much piety personified.

"Hold your tongue, Willie," said the boy's father.

"Please, father, don't you think the Lord would be just as willing to have folks do good with their money as they go along, as he is to have them screw poor money-hirers to death as long as they live, and then make a great splash willing a fortune to the church, or to some benevolent society, where the most of it goes to pay man-deceiving officers; or to building great, prison-like institutions?"

"Hold your tongue, Willie," said the father.

"Please, father, don't you think that uncle and aunt Jeremiah would please the Lord full as well by doing something more for their poor, widowed sister; and by helping poor, blind uncle Francis pay for his farm, that his wife is working and wearing herself to death to save from being sold away from them? They won't have a place in the wide world to put their heads into if that goes; and, I'm sure, if *I* was the Lord, I'd give them a check on the money uncle and aunt Jeremiah are saving for him. Yes; that's what I would—and mighty sudden, too."

"Hold your tongue, Willie," said the father.

Now, the lad was not to be commended for persisting in disobeying his sire's command; but truth is mighty, and *will come out;* and often it comes from the mouths of children.

How acceptable is it to God, whose are all the riches of the earth, for a man to scrape and gather, and hoard all that he can't very well use for his own wants—real or fancied, with an idea that he is really getting money for his Maker.

How acceptable to God is a large fortune, the giving (at death) of which makes a name for princely benevolence, when all through his life the giver has seen his brother lack, and has not opened his purse strings enough to aid him to arrive at comfort? When those of his own kindred, or neighborhood, have been toiling out their lives in vain efforts for *a little* of that of which *he* had more than he knew what to do with? When his own brothers were suffering for the help which, without feeling it, he could have supplied?

The only way in which men can give money to God is by giving it to God's creatures; and why not give it (while they live and can enjoy seeing the good it does, and the happiness it confers) to such of God's poor as they have around them, or in their own families, and whom they *know* to be in the greatest possible need of help—perhaps only a little help, one good, hearty lift, to set them going prosperously along the way of life. If every rich man would do as a family in Maine do, viz., see to the poor in their own family connexion, there would be few town paupers in the world. Let him who would lay up treasures in Heaven of the unrighteous mammon, look about him to see if he have not a brother or a sister in want; or a niece, or a nephew, or a cousin, in need of an education; and whatsoever his hand finds to do let him *do* it with all his might, and cease his miserable cant about his duty of being tight-fisted and merciless all the days of his life in order to give a large fortune to the Lord at his death.

Whoso having plenty of this world's goods, and seeing his brother have want, shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him—how *dwelleth the love of God in him?*

"To do good and to *communicate* forget not."

"For *obedience* is better than sacrifice."

"God *loveth a cheerful giver.*"

* * *

GIRLS AND ECONOMY.

Economy is so important a part of a woman's character, so necessary to her own happiness, and so essential to her performing properly the duties of a wife and of a mother, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the first duties of life. It is, nevertheless, an *art* as well as a *virtue;* and many well-meaning persons, from ignorance or from inconsideration, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed, it is too often wholly neglected in a young woman's education, and she is sent from her father's house to govern a family, without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it. This is the source of much inconvenience; for, though experience and attention may supply by degrees the want of instruction, yet this requires time; the family, in the meantime, may get into habits which are very difficult to alter, and, what is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity may be fixed too strongly to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvement. We would, therefore, earnestly advise young women to make use of every opportunity they can find for the laying in some store of knowledge on this subject, before they are called upon to practise it. By observing what passes before them, by consulting prudent and experienced mistresses of families, and by entering in a book a memorandum of every new piece of intelligence they acquire, they may afterwards compare these with more mature observations, and make additions and corrections as they see occasion.

Ladies who are fond of needlework, generally choose to consider that as a principal part of good housewifery; and though we cannot look upon it as of equal importance with the due regulation of a family, yet in a middling rank, and with a moderate fortune, it is a necessary part of a woman's duty, and a considerable article in expense is saved by it. Many young ladies make almost everything they wear, by which means they can make an elegant appearance at a small expense.

* * *

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG LADIES.

If young women waste in trivial amusement the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will thereafter bitterly regret the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost everyone they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their own inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate their industry; and let not a modest opinion of their own capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is much oftener from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect, they lose the sincerest of pleasures; a pleasure which would remain when almost every other forsakes them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

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HOW TO SECURE FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellencies. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is exacted as the payment of a debt to merit.

WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

With the straight stem of a white lily, Ida
Stood tracing careless figures in the sand.
Tended of stars—and crimsoning all the west
With the rich vintage of her broken heart—
The royal sunset, hapless for the sea
Stabbed her fair bosom with his shining crags
And slowly dying, kissed his garment's hem,
Winding her gemmy hair about his feet.

"Ida! Sweet Ida!" and she turning, shot
A startled lightning through my dizzy blood
From the clear splendor of her azure eyes.
I held the hand that held the dainty stem
Of the white lily—Ida you are fairer
Than any blossom that can write your name,
Albeit you guide it with your own fair hand!
Into the rosy chalice of her love
I poured my future like a fragrant wine;
My past was lost—my present was all hers—
I bade her drain the chalice to the lees,
I strove to win her with its glorious hues,
But she with cold and measured words of scorn
Dashed down the shining bauble, shattering it
So the hot sands of my most desolate fate
Sucked the rare vintage of my passionate love,
Draining my heart dry as the fiery wind
That sweeps in gusts of flame o'er red Stamboul.

I held my breath—I listened with my soul
Silent as marble, that I next might hear
God's wrathful thunder strike the solemn hills
And topple them upon the new-dug grave
That held my hopes late blushing so with life—
God kept the awful silence 'twixt my soul
And His quick vengeance an unbroken seal,
Strong as the close, hot doom that walled me in
From my future joy of bird or breeze.
Only the moon went stooping through the mist—
Where the sweet sunset lay—a pallid ghost—
And the great ocean, startled out of sleep,
Arose and shook her salt tears from his locks,
Sowing the atmosphere with briny stars.
Ida is now the lady of St. Cleaves—
And I have but my grief, and the dead lily
That wrote her name that eve, beside the sea.

ALWAYS IN SHADOW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There are some people who so perseveringly turn themselves away from the sun, that their faces are always in shadow. They make a merit of looking gloomy, and seem to think sighing a virtue. If, in a moment of forgetfulness, tempted by some mirth-provoking word or circumstance, they should happen to smile, they go down, therefor, deeper into the vale of shadows, in self-enjoined penance.

You have all met such persons; and among them a few with social qualities of so attractive a character, naturally, that, if they could only be won from this gloomy seclusion, and induced to forget the long-ago sorrow or bereavement, over which brooding has become a habit, they would be welcomed in many circles, and diffuse around them an influence for good, the widening impulse of which no one can trace.

One of these poor, shadow-seeking mortals of the finer mould, was my friend Mrs. Lawson. I had known her when a girl, and admired her for the pure qualities of mind by which she was distinguished. She was gentle, modest, quiet and thoughtful beyond her years; and, moreover, peculiarly sensitive to all impressions. She married a most excellent young man, whose love for her was not the ardor of a mere youthful passion. It was more deeply grounded. He was social in his feelings, and a general favorite. After their marriage he still inclined to mingle in the old circles, and to keep up the many friends and relations he had found so pleasant; but the young bride loved her home and the society of her husband best, and, had her will prevailed, would have hidden herself in the one, and kept all the sweetness of her life for the other.

Mr. Lawson indulged her in this feeling only to a degree. The wants of his social nature made intercourse with other minds and hearts necessary; and, for his sake, his beautiful and accomplished wife kept her place in the former circles. But, after a few years, the shadows that fell on almost every home, fell upon this one also; and one of the bird-like voices that made all its echoes musical, was hushed in eternal silence.

From that time, Mrs. Lawson indulged, to their full extent, all her natural tendencies to seclusion. The dimness of perpetual shadow was in every room of her household, as well as in every chamber of her heart; and face, as well as form, were clothed in mourning garments. Not less painful to Mr. Lawson was the death-stroke that narrowed their little home circle; but he had manly powers of endurance, and a certain pride that led him involuntarily to conceal from other eyes all marks of suffering. Only for a little while did the signs of sorrow show themselves upon his countenance. Mourning weeds were not assumed; and, ere a week had gone by since the day he stood bowed under the weight of a heavy grief, and saw the coffin-lid close over the beautiful effigy of his beloved child, neither friends nor strangers were reminded by any thing in look or manner of the sorrow he had been called upon to endure. To some, this appeared like a defect in sensibility; and his wife, at times, accused him in her heart of coldness towards the memory of the child whose image was to her a perpetual presence.

Weeks glided away, and months began to record themselves on their lives since little Phœbe died, and still the mother sat in shadow. Friends had gathered round her, and sought, by various means, to win her from the brooding melancholy that was fixing itself as a permanent condition of mind; but only a few continued to seek her in the hiding-place of her home—the larger number, repelled by her coldness, or out of patience with her weak, unwomanly conduct, receded, and left her in her shadowy seclusion. And, of those who remained and bore with her, seeking still to win her back to the circles from which she had withdrawn, one and the other grew weary of the unvarying shadows that always attended her, and left her for the more congenial sun light.

Two or three years elapsed, and still Mrs. Lawson wore the insignia of bereavement. Not once during all that time had she arrayed herself in garments of cheerful color—not once graded her attire below the studied grief of "second mourning"—not once appeared at public place of amusement, or social party.

"Is it right?" Very often her husband intruded this question upon her, and it was one, the answer of which, she always evaded.

"Is it right?" he continued to urge, and with increased earnestness.—"Right to those whom your experience and truer modes of thinking would benefit!"

"My duty is at home, among my children!" was her usual answer. "I can not trust them to the care of mere hirelings. Should any thing happen to one of them during my absence, I could not forgive myself to the day of death."

"You wrong even our children," said Mr. Lawson to his wife one day, speaking with more than usual earnestness on the subject, and with an impatience bordering on reproof, not before exhibited. "It is not good for them to see only this shadowed-side—to move in the dim light that pervades our home—to know their mother only as a sad-looking woman with pensive, instead of love-sparkling, eyes! Observe, already, the effect upon our little Aggy! Her sweet, happy face is fast toning down in expression to an image of your own; and a word, not in the gentlest of possible utterances, touches, instantly, the fountain of tears. It is wrong—wrong—all wrong!—This kind of discipline—this kind of house-influence, instead of blessing, will curse, our children. Our duty is to the living, not the dead! Shall we wrong the former for the sake of the latter? Shall weak, selfish sorrow for the departed, cause us to shadow the lives of all who remain? No—no! Heaven forbid! Act, from this hour, in a better spirit. Come forth from the darkness into the light."

Mrs. Lawson looked at her husband in surprise for a few moments. His words startled her, and gave to her thoughts a new direction. But, with her, any sudden change of feeling was the herald of tears. The signs of weeping were daily on her cheeks; and now, unable to control herself, she wept freely. Mr. Lawson kept silence, until the paroxysm was over. He then said:—

"Unless true thought governs a woman's love, affection is a curse, instead of a blessing, to her children; for it is only by true thought that right affections have power. Reason will tell you, on a moment's reflection, that impressions made in early childhood affect the whole after-life. Now, what impression are you making on the minds of your children? Can you hope, keeping as you do your heart, countenance and home always in shadow, that they will grow up with sunny feelings, and go forth into the world with cheerful views of life? If you gather around you the garments of perpetual mourning, because a wise and good Being, all of whose ways are in mercy and truth, has removed one of our precious lambs to the fold in Heaven, can you expect your children to grow up with right views of Providence; or a spirit of tranquil submission to the Divine will?"

Mrs. Lawson's state of perception was clearer than usual, and, as she listened, the truth of what her husband said presented itself in strong light.

"Grief is not wrong," continued Mr. Lawson, seeing that his words were making the impression he desired. "Tears may, and should flow, where the heart is pierced by sorrow. But they should not fall in the sand; but upon fruitful ground, and give life to flowers of spiritual beauty. In the painful death of natural affections, the higher and eternal ones have birth. Our afflictions here—our losses, trials, bereavements—are only parts of the discipline by which our Heavenly Father is preparing us for the higher felicity of angels. Let us take heed, then, that we do not rest in the affliction so mercifully sent, but rise, in new strength and felicity, above its naturally depressing influences."

"What would you have me do?" asked Mrs. Lawson, leaning towards her husband, and looking into his face with the earnestness of one who sought instruction.

"That is not the question, love." Mr. Lawson smiled very tenderly upon his wife. "That is not the question. Ask, rather—'What is right for me to do?'"

"Let the question, then, take that form; and answer," said Mrs. Lawson.

"First, then," was replied, after a few moment's reflection, "lay aside these signs of rebellion to the will of Providence." And Mr. Lawson placed his hand upon the mourning garments of his wife.

The face of Mrs. Lawson flushed instantly.

"It is in the act that our feelings express themselves," said her husband. "Without the act, all mortal states are powerless. It is of no avail to purpose right, unless we do right. If there is forgiveness in your heart—let us have the signs."

"Forgiveness? Of whom, and for what?" said Mrs. Lawson.

"Forgiveness of God, for having translated our babe into Heaven."

Mrs Lawson looked bewildered by this, to her, singular proposition.

"Is it not so?" Her husband pressed the conclusion.

"It may be," was replied, almost sadly.

"Let the convictions of reason," said Mr. Lawson, "gain their legitimate mastery over feeling. This is the easy way to do right. It will cost you an effort—violence will be done to certain long-cherished, morbid states—but act like a true woman and a wise one, and, after the first step, all other steps will be easy. Begin, then, by laying off the mourning garments worn, by years, too long."

And Mrs. Lawson did begin here, though not without a painful effort. Violence was done to long-cherished states, and had not the true, strong words of her husband been in her mind to strengthen her in the trial, she would not have gone to the end. When he returned home on the evening of that memorable day, and met her garmented in pure white, she looked so beautiful in his eyes, that he could not resist the impulse to throw his arms around her, and exclaim—

"I have found my wife again!"

All the house wore a different aspect. The sun seemed to be shining in at all the windows, and lighting up every apartment. The children, won to their mother's side by the change in her appearance, looked happier in their father's eyes than they had ever seemed. Two or three friends happened to call in during the evening—a rare occurrence—and found all so changed in this long-shadowed home, that, instead of a dreary visit, made almost from a sense of duty, they passed a few hours of true enjoyment.

From this right beginning the happiest results came speedily. It was wonderful, how soon after the cherished signs of gloom were laid aside, the shadowed spirit came forth into the sunshine, and reflected on all sides the brightness it received.

Not two months from the time of this change, Mrs. Lawson met, at a large entertainment, a lady whose friends had almost forced her into company, in the hope of breaking the deep gloom by which her spirit was enshrouded; a gloom cast over her by a deep sorrow. The lady's beautiful, but sad face, attracted Mrs. Lawson, and before the evening closed she gained an introduction. Not in all the crowded rooms was there another mind, disciplined to the right tone, and with perceptions of sufficient clearness, to meet the heart-yearnings of this lady. The very first words spoken by Mrs. Lawson went trembling to her heart, and filling it with a crowd of new emotions. It seemed to her as if she were inspired in the conversation that followed, to the utterance of higher and more soul-comforting truths than she had ever read of in books, or heard in oral language; and the eagerness with which the lady hung upon her sentences, showed her that they had in them a living power.

"I thank God that we have met!" was the lady's words, as she held the hand of Mrs. Lawson at parting. "He has led me in your way, to comfort and strengthen me. To-morrow I leave the city, and we may never see each other again; but your true sentiments will go with me as blessings; and I shall be a wiser, and, I hope, a happier woman."

"If," said Mr. Lawson, after his wife had told him of this circumstance, "we hide ourselves away among the shadows, we cannot brighten the life of another human being. But, if we go forth into the broad daylight, and let the sun of truth shine upon our faces, we may throw his beams all around us, reflecting them upon many grieving ones, who, else, would sit in perpetual darkness; and upon many wandering ones who have lost their way."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

——— Dost thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?

My nephew, Jack Lizard, was about fifteen when he first entered college, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country, where his widowed mother was living in great style. The first night, after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which one of his sisters bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of bows, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribands were of the same color; or, rather, says Jack, of no color at all. His mother herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for, having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting a lamp, in the midst of her anguish Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretell an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author, "To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar." Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behavior; upon which he told me that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him, the next morning, the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he now is:

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humor at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed, what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handsomer thing said of Cowley in his whole life, than, that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse; besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of anything he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and the admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would, least of all, be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humor, sense, and discretion, can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further than your neighbors into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our Congress debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humor and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite and good. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another. AN OLD MAN.

MOMENTS.

Moments swiftly fly away,
Nothing can compel their stay;
Whither are they leading me?—
To a vast eternity.

MAHOMET AND THE KORAN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Mahomet was no monster. Certainly he left his followers better than he found them. He was a friend to the helpless and the orphan; he was a foe to injustice and drunkenness; and he tried hard to inspire his countrymen with a deep-seated fear of God. In reading the Koran one cannot easily decide whether its writer was more of an artful impostor or a deluded enthusiast. The fact is, Mahomet must have been *both* of these. It is altogether a mistake that he gave loose to the passions of men, in allowing them to take numberless wives. Before his time this had been the custom, and men took so many women, that they were not able to take care of any of them. The considerate "Prophet" reduced the number of wives to four, even for the most wealthy men; and admonished the poor to take but *one* wife. To be sure, he reserved to *himself* the right of taking as many wives as he chose; but, then, *he* was so holy, that it was not to be presumed that a thousand women could do him any harm. He was quite a friend to woman, as the Koran shows—*for those times* he was, indeed, pre-eminently her champion; and it is a vile slander upon him to say that he denied future life to woman. He did no such thing. He said expressly that woman should be hereafter rewarded according to her deeds here, just as men were. There is no use in representing a man, or a book, as worse than the facts will warrant; and both Mahomet and the Koran have been maligned. The Prophet had many very good points; and his "revelation" teaches much that is really excellent. Why shouldn't it? It is largely drawn from the very word of truth—our own Bible. Mahomet was no Christian, and his Koran is no gospel; in it is no savor of life. This is bad *enough* to say of it; and this much is true; but, to give him his due, he did certainly make a very bad people better than they were, and he ought to have the credit of it.

LOOKING FOR HAPPINESS.

Step into the street and ask the first man you meet what he is thinking about, and if he answers you correctly, it will be, future happiness, or that which he thinks will promote his happiness. So of the thousands who pass you day by day. One inquires—How can I accumulate gold? Another—How shall I acquire fame? A third—What shall I do to obtain the good will and respect of mankind? But few indeed—not one in a thousand perhaps—would make the inquiry—Where can I find virtue? how can I obtain religion? where is God and Heaven? Among the countless throng who are searching for happiness, scarcely one is looking in the right place and asking of the correct source. The tinsel and glare of the world—its gold and its ambition—urge people on in the intricate and thorny paths of life, until they become disgusted and painfully declare—there is no happiness here. Ah, if they but sought for virtue and Heaven we should hear less complaints, and life, instead of being a wearisome abode, would be the glorious prelude to a blessed and eternal existence.

HINTS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

A parent, in any station of life whatever, may and ought to bestow half an hour, or an hour, every day, in instructing his children in the most useful of all knowledge; nor is there anything to hinder a master of a private seminary of education to bestow generally an hour every day, and more on Sundays, in instructing the youth under his care in the principles of prudence, morality, and religion. This may be digested into a scheme of twenty or thirty lectures, beginning from the very foundation, and going through all the principal particulars of our duty to God, our neighbor, and ourselves, and from thence proceeding to a view of the fundamental doctrines, evidences, and laws of revealed religion. In all which there is nothing but what may be brought down to the apprehension of very young minds, by proceeding gently and suiting one's expressions to the weak capacities of the learners.

PUBLIC PERFORMANCES BY THE YOUNG.

Unluckily, while the age is become so knowing and fastidious, that if a young lady does not play like a public performer, no one thinks her worth attending to, yet, if she does so excel, some of the soberest of the admiring circle feel a strong alloy to their pleasure on reflecting at what a vast expense of time this perfection must probably have been acquired.

Besides, the natural constant reference to that public performance, for which they are sedulously cultivating this talent, excites the same passions of envy, vanity, and composition in the dilettanti performers, as might be supposed to stimulate professional candidates for fame and profit at public games and theatrical exhibitions. Is this emulation, is this spirit of rivalry the temper which prudent parents would wish to excite and foster? Besides, in any event the issue is not favorable; if the young performers are timid, they disgrace themselves and distress their friends; if courageous, their boldness offends still more than their bad performance. Shall they, then, be studiously brought into situations, in which failure discredits, and success disgusts?

The Hebrews, Egyptians, and Greeks believed that they could more effectually teach their youth maxims of virtue by calling in the aid of music and poetry; these maxims, therefore, they put into verses, and these again were set to the most popular and simple tunes which the children sang; thus was their love of goodness excited by the very instruments of their pleasure; and the senses, the taste, and the imagination, as it were, pressed into the service of religion and morals. Dare we appeal to Christian parents, if these arts are commonly used by *them* as subsidiary to religion, and to a system of morals much more worthy of every ingenious aid and association which might tend to recommend them to the youthful mind? Dare we appeal to Christian parents, whether music, which fills up no trifling portion of their daughters' time, does not fill it without any moral or even specific object? Nay, whether some of the favorite songs of polished societies are not amatory, are not anacreontic, more than quite become the modest lips of innocent youth and delicate beauty?

A PERNICIOUS INSTITUTION.

Baby-balls are a triple conspiracy against the innocence, the health, and the happiness of children: thus by factitious amusements to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights which naturally belong to their blooming season, is like blotting out spring from the year. While childhood preserves its natural simplicity, every little change is interesting, every gratification a luxury; a ride or a walk will be a delightful amusement to a child in her natural state, but it will be dull and tasteless to a sophisticated little creature, nursed in these forced, and costly, and vapid exhibitions. Alas! that we should throw away this first grand opportunity of working into a practical habit the moral of this important truth, that the chief source of human discontent is to be looked for not in our real but in the artificial cravings of desire. To behold lilliputian coquettes projecting dresses, studying colors, assorting ribands and feathers, their little hearts beating with hopes about partners and fears about rivals, and to see their fresh cheeks pale after the midnight supper, their aching heads and unbraced nerves disqualifying the little languid beings for the next day's task, and to hear the grave apology, "that it is owing to the wine, the crowd, and the heated room of the last midnight's ball;" all this, we say, would really be ludicrous, if the mischief of the thing did not take off from the merriment of it, as any of the ludicrous disproportions of the diverting travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

MECHANICS' WIVES.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life, the solid and best portion of society, a modern writer makes the following excellent remark:—

"There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration; reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her as a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toil by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around him for his sake, sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them, placing all her joys and her happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Such mothers' daughters make the best wives in the world."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF DISSIPATION.

Those who see something charming in being "a buster," and delight in the early fascinations of such draughts of bliss as milk punch, egg-nog, Tom-and-Jerry, port wine sangaree, etc., will *think* well, and possibly *do* well, by remembering the following "sad calamities" which attend upon the career of the "hard drinker":—Headaches, sickness at the stomach, empty pockets, debts, quarrels, enemies, disgrace, remorse, idleness, loss of business, and loss of friends, shame, domestic unhappiness, indigestion, poor appetite, base companions, rusty clothes—including shocking bad hats, bursted boots, ventilation stockings, awful shirts, *darned* bad vests, threadbare coats and discouraged pantaloons—bad name with the grocer, butcher and milkman.

OUR COMMON INDEBTEDNESS.—Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little. The greater part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others.

A COMMON ENEMY.—The evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of seeing a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

JUDGE NOT RASHLY.—Alas! how unreasonable as well as unjust a thing it is for any to censure the infirmities of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through the mystery of their own! Be assured there can be but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of others, and there can be no safety without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves.

EVER NEAR.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Dear darling of my heart,
My blessing and my bane ;
Thou brightest, sweetest joy of life,
My comfort and my pain.

How does thine angel face—
How does thy magic voice,
How does thy grace-revealing form,
My heart and eyes rejoice?

What way my steps I turn,
What way my looks I bend,
There standest *thou*, mine orb of light,
My dearest earthly friend.

I wandered forth at morn,
To breathe the balmy air ;
To view the newly-wakened earth,
Decked in her garments fair.

I lifted up mine eyes,
And saw a gath'ring crowd
Of all similitudes of men—
Of ladies fair and proud.

But had its numbers been
A million three times told,
And had it, like a heaving flood,
Its living billows rolled,

In efforts to conceal
One form which I espied,
Still I had seen among them all
That one bright figure glide.

What unexampled grace ;
What beauty, soft and rare,
Adorned that figure, richly crowned
With its dark, curling hair.

Thine was that matchless form,
Thine that unequaled grace—
Thine, oh! beloved and beautiful,
That joy-inspiring face.

I walked at evening near
Thy forest-hid abode ;
Thy voice, like music to mine ear,
Came floating thro' the wood.

And then thy step drew near ;
Thy garments brushed my own ;
I heard thy murmured words, beloved,
Said in a weary tone.

I listened, while the dew
Softly about me fell,—
Thou didst not think *how near* thou wert
To one who loves thee well.

Thou didst not know thy hand
Might, at that moment, be
Stretched out, until it touched a heart
Bleeding to death for thee.

◆

THE LOST PURSE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A friend related to me a simple story, not long since, which I think is worth telling over. The parties of whom he spoke were near by, and it was the presence of the hero that called the circumstance to mind.

Abel Morton was a youth of about seventeen. His mother was a widow, and he an only child. They lived in part of a small hut in the outskirts of the village, and were very poor. During the long cold winter the widow had been quite sick, so that Abel had been obliged to spend most of his time with her. The youth had never learned any trade, as various circumstances had combined to prevent his leaving home. He worked whenever he could get work to do, and had thus far managed to find food enough to keep himself and mother alive, though they had suffered much with cold.

As the spring opened, Abel tried to find work, but he was not successful. He picked up a few odd jobs, now and then, but the proceeds were barely sufficient to purchase enough of the coarsest, cheapest food. Clothing they could not buy, and poor Abel began to fear that he must beg a suit of clothes, or, what would be worse still, leave his mother. But this latter thing he could not do.

One afternoon he went into the village, and spent several hours in hunting for work, but he found none to do. Some seemed to turn him away because he looked so ragged, while others said they never employed any one outside of their own households. Faint and sick at heart Abel turned his steps homeward. He had left the village, and was turning into the narrow lane that led to his humble home, when he detected something peculiar upon the roadside. He picked it up, and found it to be a small knit-purse. It was quite heavy, and the jingle of the contents was too sharp and clear for copper.

The poor youth did not stop to open it then, for it was already dusk, and he knew his mother would be anxious. So, with a strangely beating heart he hurried homeward. He entered the little room where his mother sat, and sank into a chair.

"Alas! no work!" the widow murmured, as she saw the cloud upon her boy's face.

"No," he replied. "I tried all around, but it was of no use."

"Never mind, Abel. God is good. We shall not suffer as do those who have no trust in Him."

"But how does He help us, mother?" asked Abel, in a faltering tone.

"In many ways, my son. He has preserved us through many trials, and has given us hope and courage. He has preserved to me a true and virtuous child, and has held us clear from many sufferings which afflict our fellows. Look at Mrs. Tyndal: see her, with all her wealth, suffering such tortures as I would not suffer for worlds. See her only son, a poor, miserable inebriate, and in prison for a drunken crime! For what would we exchange our noble consciousness of right and honor?"

Abel made no reply. There had been something bearing down heavily upon his soul—something which lay in his pocket, and sent forth a serpent-song of plenty. But the load was removed. He drew the purse from his pocket and laid it upon the table by his side.

"What is that?" asked the widow, as she heard the sharp clink of the coin.

"A purse—I found it in the road."

"Found it? Oh! you did *find* it?"

"Yes, my mother. In the road, just at the turn of our lane. It lay in the foot-path."

A candle was lighted, and the purse emptied. It contained twenty silver half-dollars.

"Ten dollars!" whispered Abel, nervously. "Perhaps we can't find who lost it."

"Isn't there some name on the purse?" asked his mother.

She took it as she spoke, and upon the inside of the clasp, which was lined with red morocco, she read—"JOHN THOMPSON."

John Thompson was one of the wealthiest men in the place. He owned a very large farm ; and besides supplying a vast amount of milk to customers, he raised large quantities of garden-sauce and fine fruit, which he sent to a neighboring city.

"Oh—how easy he could spare it," whispered Abel. "It would be no loss to him."

"That is so, in a measure, my son," said the widow, solemnly. "His would not be the loss; but *we* should lose—oh! how much!"

"*We*, mother?"

"Aye, my boy. Should you keep this—should *we* keep it—where would our honor be? The next time you met Mr. Thompson you would fear to look him in the face. You could not look him in the eye with a happy consciousness of your own innocence. There would be a taint upon your character—a sting in your soul. Oh! would you keep it, Abel?"

"No, my mother, I would not. No, no—I'll carry it back this very night."

"You might wait until morning, for you must get me some wood now."

The purse was laid away in a place of safety, and on the following morning Abel started off bright and early ; and he walked with a light and buoyant step for he was satisfied with the work he was doing.

Mr. Thompson lived in a fine, large mansion, which stood upon a gentle eminence, at a short distance from the road, and was surrounded by a park of noble trees. Abel took his way up the neatly graveled walk, and met the owner upon the broad piazza.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" the host asked. He was a kind, generous looking man ; stout and corpulent ; with a face full of health and good nature.

"Yes, sir," answered Abel promptly, at the same time ascending to the piazza. "I found a purse last evening, and upon opening it we found your name upon it."

"And who is *we*?"

"My mother and I, sir."

"Then you didn't think you needed the money?"

"Sir?" returned the youth with an inquiring gaze.

"Seeing that you bring the money to me I suppose you had no use for it."

"Use for it, sir?" repeated Abel, at a loss how to understand the man. "Oh! God knows we had use for it ; but not so much as we have for our honor and truth!"

"Were you afraid to keep it?" pursued Thompson, in the same peculiar tone.

"Afraid! what do you mean? Do I love my mother because I'm *afraid* to hate her? I brought your money back because it was yours, and not mine." And thus speaking, Abel handed the gentleman the purse, and turned away. Mr. Thompson did not say a word, and the youth kept on, feeling glad that he had done right, but at the same time almost ready to cry at the reception he had met with.

When he reached home, he sank into a chair, and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Why, what's the matter, Abel?" asked the mother, in alarm.

But before her son could answer, they were both startled by hearing a horse trot up to the door. It was Mr. Thompson. He dismounted, and as the door was open, he entered without ceremony. He bade the widow good morning, and then took a seat.

"I've come on business," he said, "and I'll proceed with it at once." Then turning to Abel, he asked,—

"Are you engaged at present?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, eagerly, for the man spoke very kindly.

"Wouldn't you like something to do?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I spent all the day yesterday in looking after work. My mother is not well, and I must earn something."

"Can you write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty well?"

"Yes, sir. My mother has taught me more than I should have learned at school."

"You can cypher, then?"

"Yes, sir. I have been pretty thoroughly as far as cube root."

"And can you drive two horses?"

"Yes, sir. I drove the stage from here to Grantboro' a good many times last winter."

"Then I think you are just the man I want. In a few days, I shall have some sauce to send into the city, and as yet I have engaged no one to take charge of that department. For the past few years, I have lost considerable by dishonest men. The man who carries my produce to market has considerable money to collect ; sometimes it will average a hundred dollars a day for a week at a time. When I buy up fruit and berries to send in, the receipts are considerable. How should you like to take the place?"

"I could be with my mother nights, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I should like it very much—very much, sir. And if I serve you, I shall serve you faithfully."

"I have no fears on that account," said Thompson, with a peculiar look. "I am fully satisfied of your honesty. I saw you pick up my purse."

There was a slight shudder starting through the youth's soul, for he could not help thinking what would have been the result had he kept the money.

"You are not the first one I have tried," resumed the gentleman. "First, I looked upon Samuel Stevens. He is poor, and I thought him capable. I dropped my purse, with my name plainly written upon it, where he should find it. He did find it, and he kept it. Next I tried Lot Poole, and he did the same. Some might say I had no business to place temptation in a poor youth's way ; but I would give employment to those who most need it, and as there is ample temptation in the work I must have done I felt that I had a right to try them. But you have proved yourself trustworthy, and I am glad of it. And now, if upon trial you suit me, I will pay you forty dollars a month, and board you. What say you to that?"

But poor Abel knew not what to say. The sum named seemed enormous to him. He had wondered if he should get as much as fifteen.

"*Forty?*" he whispered, fearful he had not understood correctly.

"Yes. Forty dollars a month. Will not that answer?"

"O—yes, sir! It is more than I had expected—much more."

"Then you will be the better satisfied. I like to have those who work for me satisfied, and then if they do wrong I shall not feel that I am to blame. So suppose you come up this forenoon and look around, and we will commence the first month today."

The poor widow felt it her duty to say something before the kind man left, so she turned towards him and opened her mouth, and then—began to cry. Mr. Thompson understood it. He took her by the hand, and bade her be of good cheer, and then hastened away.

Until the sound of the horse's tramp had died away in the distance both mother and child sat in perfect silence. At length the widow arose and sank upon her son's bosom.

"Oh! Abel—God has blessed us wondrously!"

"Suppose I had kept the money!" whispered the youth.

"Not that—not that, my son. O! it wasn't the money, though the money, like a mirror, reflected yourself. It was the stern integrity of your soul. You couldn't have kept it. The simple carrying back of ten dollars was little compared with the principle involved. He saw your honor—your truth—and for what you are has he hired you."

Abel went up to the great house, and very soon found something to do. When he returned home at night Mrs. Thompson sent a covered basket for his mother, and Mr. Thompson gave him an order on the tailor for a new suit of clothes.

The busy season came on, and Mr. Thompson was not long in finding that he had won a treasure in his new hand. Abel sold more produce than had ever been sold before from the place, and he got better prices ; or, at all events, he returned to his employer far better And that was not all. The business was kept square—even to the fraction of a penny—every day ; so that at any moment Mr. Thompson could know just how he stood.

But there was one difficulty. The producer often wished for the assistance of his produce agent in the evening, especially when he had any accounts to make out. So he talked with his wife, and it was soon arranged that the widow Morton should come and find a home beneath their roof. She had grown stronger, and the flush of health was once more upon her cheek, since her son had afforded her the many comforts she needed, and she accepted the new offer with pleasure. Abel could now spend all his time in his employer's interests, and the happiness of all concerned was greatly enhanced thereby.

I saw a wealthy man walk to his house ; and as he stood and gazed around upon his broad acres half a dozen children broke away from an old lady, who had been playing with them, and bounded to his side ; and I could hear their happy cries of "Papa, Papa."

It was Abel Morton ; and the old lady was his mother. He was an honored, happy man, for strict Honor and Truth had been his guide through life.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D. A.—Jubal was the first musician of whom we have any account. "And Ada bore Jabal ; he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle : and his brother's name was Jubal ; he was the father of such as handle the harp and the organ." What sort of a musician Jubal was, we have no means of knowing, nor can we imagine what instrument he played on. It is an interesting fact, however, to a thoughtful, and especially to a poetical mind, that in those far-off antediluvian ages, when the world was still so fresh and young, and Eve had not yet ceased to tell the story of her nuptial bower in Eden, now lost and desolate, there should already have been a human soul stirred to melodious utterance by the divine musical mysteries. No doubt Jubal was looked upon with contempt by the "*practical* men" of his age, and called a dreaming idiot ; but we will venture anything that he was a favorite with the ladies, and that his minstrelsy was always welcomed by them. Imagine him singing at Noah's wedding! And when he arrived at the years of discretion—(which in those days was, probably, about the age of two hundred or two hundred and fifty—a difference of fifty years, or so, being of little consequence)—fancy him stealing to the bower of some young girl of a hundred and fifty, (the *original* belle perhaps.) to pour out his devotion in a bran-new antediluvian song—*not* "entered according to act of Congress," or any other act. Whatever Jubal's fate, the strain of melody struck out by his genius shot across the Deluge, and has vibrated in every succeeding age and in every human soul.

THE MAJOR.—Of course women should be good cooks, which they never can be until they study chemistry to some extent, and learn to use a thermometer, a watch, and a pair of scales. They must also acquire that unexplainable gift called "the knack of the thing." Dr. Johnson says that "nothing is ever well done that is done by a receipt." The Doctor "went in" for "the knack of the thing." As to chemistry's being a "hard and dry study," as you and your wife suppose, it is quite the contrary. Chemistry is a science particularly suited to women—suited to their talents and to their situations. Chemistry is not a science of parade ; it affords occupation and infinite variety, it demands no bodily strength, it can be pursued in retirement, it applies immediately to useful and domestic purposes, and whilst the ingenuity of the most inventive mind may be exercised, there is no danger of inflaming the imagination ; the judgment is improved, the mind is intent upon realities, the knowledge that is acquired is exact, and the pleasure of the pursuit is a sufficient reward for the labor. A good cook is only an empirical chemist ; and the study of this science would produce a salutary reform in receipt books, and improve the accomplishments of every lady who unites in her person the offices of housekeeper and wife.

BENJAMIN.—A good education is a very good thing if one has sufficient character to put it to a good use. Education, according to the common use of the term, merely signifies an accumulation of information to a considerable extent, irrespective of the *kind* of information, of its orderly arrangement and its *usableness* ; but, in its true meaning, education comprises not only acquired information, but the disciplining and developing of the various powers of the mind and understanding in such a manner as will enable a man to make the most effective use of his faculties and intelligence.

NAOMI.—It would be a sad and unfortunate thing for you to marry a man whom your mother so much dislikes. Wait until she can be reconciled to the match.

FOUR MECHANICS.—The noblest thing in the world is honest Labor. It is the very preservative principle of the universe. Wise labor brings order out of chaos ; it turns deadly bogs and swamps into grain-bearing fields ; it rears cities ; it adorns the earth with architectural monuments, and beautifies them with divinest works of art ; it whitens the seas with the wings of commerce ; it brings remote lands into mutual and profitable neighborhood ; it binds continents together with the fast-holding bands of railroads and telegraphs ; it extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins ; it produces mighty works of genius in prose and verse, which gladden the hearts of men forever. Work, therefore, with pride and gladness, for thereby will you be united by a common bond with all the best and noblest who have lived, who are now living, and who shall ever be born.

A. C. B.—It would be more manly to put away your pistol and bowie-knife, and mingle unarmed with your fellow-citizens. A man who behaves himself, and never goes where he should not go, will have no use for deadly weapons. The truth is, the practice of carrying concealed weapons, in a civilized community, is a ruffianly and cowardly practice, and no decent man should be guilty of it.

THEODOSIA.—Read Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear, if you wish to see depicted the basest filial ingratitude, and the most terrible parental suffering consequent thereon. By reading that work to your children, and judiciously commenting upon it, you can inspire them with an utter detestation of the conduct and character of Goneril and Regan, and render them eager to imitate the angelic example of the filial and loving Cordelia.

B. D. A.—If you can manage to instruct your little daughter at home, you had better not send her to school until she arrives at the age of seven or eight years. The custom of confining children to a school-room five or six hours a day, and keeping them poked upon an uncomfortable bench in an awkward position, is ruinous to their health, and not beneficial to their minds. It is quite easy to teach children at home, if parents will have patience with their impatience, and make their lessons and recitations interesting and pleasant. They can be taught the rudiments of grammar, geography, and natural philosophy, even before they learn to read. For example, by telling a child to look through a pane of glass at some object in the street, and then telling it to look at the same thing through the wall, whereat it will be much surprised, you can call their attention pleasantly and forcibly to the fact that some substances can be seen through, and that they are *transparent*, while others cannot be seen through, and that such are *opaque*. This point having been clearly established, you will soon find your child trying to look through whatever it can get hold of, for the purpose of ascertaining what is *transparent* and what *opaque*. In the same way you can call attention to the other properties of matter, all of which your child will learn with eagerness, and experiment upon with enthusiasm. Children are always eager to learn ; and it is only by our abominable methods of teaching that this natural desire is checked, and often killed.

LITERARY ASPIRANT.—You should hasten to fill your mind with valuable and well-digested information, and improve your style by a close study of the best models. He who knows that he undertakes to write on questions which he has never studied, may, without hesitation, determine that he is about to waste his own time and that of his reader, and expose himself to the derision of those whom he aspires to instruct ; he who, without forming his style by the study of the best models, hastens to obtrude his compositions on the public, may be certain that, whatever hope or flattery may suggest, he will shock the tasteful and learned ear with barbarisms, and contribute, wherever his work shall be received, to the depravation of taste and the corruption of language. The first qualification of a writer is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat ; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments ; if he treats of science and demonstration, that he has attained a style clear, pure, nervous, and expressive ; if his topics be probable and persuasory, that he be able to recommend them by the superaddition of elegance in imagery, to display the colors of varied diction, and pour forth the music of modulated periods.

MRS. E. S. W.—It will be better for your son not to enter college until he is seventeen. Boys who graduate under twenty-one are not so much benefited by the collegiate course as older students are. The expense differs in amount at different institutions. At Yale, which may perhaps be taken as an average in regard to expense, the cost of books for the course will be about $100 ; board from $2.75 to $4 a week ; room-rent from $1.50 to $3 a week ; washing from fifty cents to $2 a week. A student can get second-hand books of graduates for, say, $40 for the course of four years ; and those who are so fortunate as to get rooms in the college buildings have to pay but a little over a dollar a week for them. By practising the most rigid economy, a student might possibly get through for $800, but it would hardly be safe to estimate the expense at less than $1,000 for the four years.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—We are always freshly astonished when a girl expresses confidence in and love for a man who, *she knows*, has betrayed one of her sex to ruin. We are confident that a female who will seek the society of such a man, is herself intrinsically bad and unchaste. Women often complain of the contempt which some great and good men are in the habit of exhibiting for their sex, but who can help experiencing such an emotion for those who so often treat each other with the utmost meanness and cruelty, and seem to delight in honoring those who have forever blasted the hopes and happiness of their sisters. You should at once discard the lover to whom you refer, and repent in sackcloth and ashes for the sin and folly of having tolerated his presence for a moment after his true character was made known to you.

AN OLD MAN.—It is quite true that old age should be respected, and the young people who behave so rudely to you act in a very unbecoming manner. But did it never occur to you that every man and everything usually receives, in the long run, just the amount of respect which he or it deserves? Old people sometimes rely too much on their age, and do not sufficiently take heed to their conduct. A cross, querulous, slovenly, tyrannical, and dishonest old person cannot secure respect for *himself*, although his white hairs may shield him from the treatment which would be meted out to a younger man of a similar character. A *good* old man or woman is always pretty apt to be loved and respected.

EUGENIE.—You are correct in your position. Custom and decency both demand that all parties should wear gloves at a ball. We hardly think that any gentleman would offer an ungloved hand to a partner in a dance ; but if such a thing should be done, the lady would be justified in avoiding the touch of the naked digits. In family gatherings, and at social parties in country places, the extreme requirements of etiquette are not enforced ; and it would be foolish and ill-bred for an individual to run counter to the customs of a community in regard to such matters.

LADY JANE GRAY wishes to know if we can tell her what kind of melons girls most dislike. We are not good at the conundrum business, but on this occasion we will venture to suggest that the melon which girls most dislike is the *can't elope* (cantelope). If we are correct in our supposition, we think the fact reveals a state of things on the part of the girls which is truly *melon*-choly.

JUBAL.—In purchasing a musical instrument, of which you are no judge, you should secure the assistance of a friend on whose judgment and integrity you can rely. You cannot tell the qualities of a violoncello by its *appearance*. Two instruments which look exactly alike, and which were made by the same man, may differ very greatly in their qualities and value.

EDWARD.—If you have a strong predilection for business and a repugnance to a profession, your father would do well to let you choose your avocation, and not force you into a condition that would forever be distasteful to you. A commercial situation would probably lead you more directly to pecuniary independence than any other.

E. S. R.—It makes no difference whether you thought the man was good for the amount or not ; having, in writing, agreed to be responsible for the money, you will have to pay it. The creditor has nothing to do with your "thoughts" or mistakes.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—What your friends say about its being "too soon to commence imparting religious instruction to your children," is all nonsense. To habituate young people to reason on moral subjects, to teach them to exert their faculties in comparing, examining, and reflecting, is doing them one of the greatest services that can be imagined. And the lively period of youth, the soft and impressible season when lasting habits are formed, when the seal cuts deeply into the yielding wax, and the impression is more likely to be clear, and strong, and lasting—this warm and favorable season should not be suffered to glide by without being turned to the great purpose for which not only youth, but life, and breath, and being, were bestowed. That "faith without which it is impossible to please God," that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord," that knowledge which is the foundation of faith and practise, that charity without which all knowledge is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, should be impressed, be inculcated, be enforced, as early, as constantly, as fundamentally, with the same earnest pushing on to continual progress, with the same constant reference to first principles, as are so generally used in the case of those arts which merely adorn human life. We should seize the happy period when the memory is strong, the mind and all its powers vigorous and active, the imagination busy and all alive, the heart flexible, the temper ductile, the conscience tender, curiosity awake, fear powerful, hope eager, and love ardent, for inculcating that knowledge and impressing those principles which, to such a great extent, are to form the character for time and fix the destiny for eternity. You and all other mothers, and all fathers, may rest assured that the education of the heart and spirit cannot be too soon commenced, too assiduously pursued, or too long continued.

N. M. E.—Unless your daughter has a decided talent for music, you had better not seek to make an accomplished singer and player of her. Music is a very agreeable accomplishment for a young lady. It is a fine relaxation from more serious employments, and greatly contributes to keep up a cheerfulness through the whole family ; but we would not have her ambitious to excel, and we think parents ought not to covet it. To attain music to great perfection, and to study Italian for that purpose, is a work of great labor, time, and expense ; too much by far to gain what at last amounts to no more than an amusement. Ladies of great rank and fortune have everything at their command ; and therefore should aim at perfection in all they undertake ; but those in more private life have certainly other things to do, and must stoop to domestic cares ; whereby they will often be enabled to boast a happiness, to which greater ladies are strangers. But supposing that, either to gratify herself or her friends, she engages deeply in the study of music ; parents are here often cajoled out of their money, and their senses too, by their daughter's fancied excellence, and the same man that is lavish in his praises to the fond father's face, will, perhaps, in the very next company, swear the girl squeaks like a pig. There is a great deal of insincerity, nay the grossest flattery attends this kind of study, and parents in general have need of better eyes than common to see through it.

SUSAN.—What you say of the hardships of seamstresses, and other working women, is quite true ; and we must confess that we see no practical way of extricating them from their painful environments. The noblest and grandest thing that any human being can do is, *to accept his or her lot and make the most and the best of it.* That is the only way to escape from an unpleasant condition. Conquer it ; bring it into subjection ; bring order out of chaos and harmony out of discord, and then you can rise into a more congenial sphere. The apprentice, *by mastering his condition and his position, rises to the rank of journeyman*, and so on as high as his capacity will permit him to ascend. Depend upon it that complaining and looking on the dark side of things never did, and never can, help any son of Adam or daughter of Eve out of a bad fix. Work—noble, godlike labor—and patience are the only helps that a mortal can safely rely upon. As for "appeals to the public," and such like spasmodic efforts, they are of no-use ; on the contrary, they are degrading. No honest worker wishes to assume the attitude of a public pauper.

J. T. P.—We know nothing of the character and history of Cortez that history does not disclose, and her revelations are open to all alike impartially. The conqueror of Mexico has been severely vituperated by lazy writers of trash called history, who found it more convenient to repeat the lies of their predecessors than to search for the truth ; but Prescott has consigned all such scribblers to oblivion, and done for Cortez what every great man should have done for him, namely, set his own acts and words to judge him, instead of the incomplete, garbled accounts and deliberate misrepresentations of hostile and stupid writers Judged in the light of his age and its customs, Cortez assumes heroic and admirable proportions. He did many terrible things, and butchered his foes in masses ; but so did the English during our Revolution, and so they are now doing in India ; and so has every dominant nation and every great warrior done since the world began. Read Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," and you will then have something like a just idea of the character of Cortez.

S. M. B.—You can never make anything, nor gain a position for your family, so long as you continue to rove from place to place, and change from one pursuit to another. The first condition of prosperity is *permanence*. The Arab, with his tents, and the Nomads, with their portable wigwams, can never be prosperous—can never accumulate fortunes. A community must first build solid, *permanent* dwellings, and places of business, before they can begin to grow prosperous. They must have *fixed* homes. They must be *stable*. The sailor, even, must have his home-port, if he would be prosperous and wax rich. And this principle of permanency, of fidelity, runs through all civilization, and is a primary condition of success. Be stable, unchanging, therefore ; master some one thing, and then stick to that until you can command success.

A LOVER IN A QUANDARY.—As we do not know the disposition of your sweetheart, we cannot tell what you must do in order to give her satisfaction for the neglect of which she complains. It would be quite natural for a girl to feel hurt when her lover stood by and saw her insulted, without in any manner rebuking the ruffian. Perhaps you can pacify her by assuming a bold, belligerent air, and repeating, in a determined and vehement maner, the gallant old versicle :—

"Immortal Dolly Double You,
You charming little bubble, you,
I'd like to know
If you can show
A man that dares to trouble you?"

CEREMONY.—It was quite proper for your aunt to insist on your observing the usual forms of etiquette while you were at her house. A young man, or an old man, who intentionally violates the proper usages of society, is either an ignoramus or a vulgar tyrant, and it cannot fail to do him good to be caught occasionally where he *dare not* set good-breeding at defiance. Many an intelligent and worthy man is deficient in his knowledge of the requisites of elegant deportment, but such a one does not sneer at etiquette ; on the contrary, he takes every opportunity to increase his knowledge of the best usages of society, and is always thankful for assistance and information, from whatever quarter they come.

YOUNG KENTUCKY.—It is a great pity that you cannot make up your mind on such an important question as the choosing of a partner for life ; and it is a still greater pity that you should have managed to alienate both your own and your sweetheart's parents. It seems to us that the first thing for you to do is, to apologize all round, and if possible conciliate those whom you have offended. As soon as that shall be accomplished, the other difficulties with which you are now so hard-beset will begin to disappear, and your way will be made plain.

ESMERALDA.—You use too many superlatives—a common fault with youth and women. A slight startle "frightens a woman to death ;" every new face is the "handsomest" or the "ugliest" that "*ever* she saw ;" on the happening of the most ordinary events, she declares "she was *never* so astonished in *all* the days of her life," &c., &c. You would do well to ignore superlatives for a few years, until it becomes natural for you to write and speak without using them.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"Bion, the Wanderer," like all of Mr. Cobb's stories, is founded on fact ; and so is Mrs. Southworth's "Island Princess." You can obtain the back numbers of the LEDGER from June 7, 1856, which was the date of Cobb's "Storm Secret." "The Gunmaker of Moscow" is out of print, and can not be obtained for any price. The back numbers of the LEDGER are four cents apiece.

MRS. E. E.—You should be exceedingly careful not to inflict tight shoes upon your children. They are provocative of corns, bunnions, bloated feet, crooked ankles, and spoiled tempers. Always get your children shoes that are abundantly large and thick-soled, and seek to secure their comfort rather than to gratify your own love of appearance. Your husband is altogether right on the shoe question.

MEDITERRANEAN.—There are nearly always ships in this port fitting out for the Mediterranean, and you would have no difficulty in getting a passage on one of them. A trip to Egypt and Palestine is not so great an undertaking nowadays as a trip from Boston to St. Louis or New Orleans used to be.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—It is idle to speculate on the ultimate destiny of this Republic. The predictions of its speedy decay, in which European writers delight to indulge, are of course as silly as the predictions of the inhabitants of one country as to the fate of others, usually are.

ETHEL.—Consult with the accomplished clergyman whose church you say you attend, and pursue a course of reading under his guidance. He would doubtless take much pleasure in thus aiding you.

SUSANNA.—It would certainly do you no harm to study algebra, and it might be of much service to you.

J. J. J.—Send the daguerreotype, postage paid. Back numbers of the LEDGER are four cents each.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*